

UC-NRLF

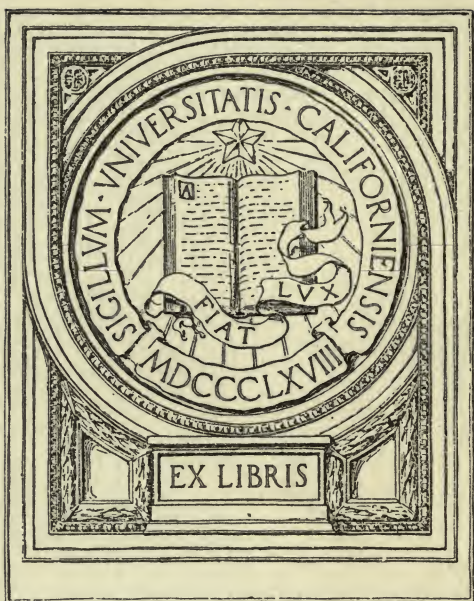


\$B 255 231

ΚΤΗΜΑ

ΕΣ

ΛΕΙ



750
I 72





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

KTHMA ΕΣ ΑΕΙ

SELECTED BY

A. L. IRVINE

ASSISTANT MASTER AT CHARTERHOUSE



Second impression

A. C. CURTIS, LTD.

CHARTERHOUSE AND GODALMING

HUMPHREY MILFORD

AMEN CORNER, LONDON, E.C.4

1922

P R E F A C E

FOR years past the habit of learning poetry by heart has suffered in our schools both from neglect and from a lack of system. It has not merely been crowded out : it has frequently been dropped on the plea that not a tenth part of what was learned remained in the learner's memory. That is true enough, but it is not inevitable. If the same book is used in a succession of forms, and if the old pieces are constantly being learned afresh, then an ordinary memory will be capable of retaining the whole, or at least a large proportion of it. This is a matter of common experience.

This book has been put together for use in the four highest forms at Charterhouse. But I hope that it may also be found useful elsewhere, and that possibly the translations may make it interesting to some readers who are not called upon to learn any of its contents by heart. No anthology can give complete satisfaction, least of all one so short as this : but I will offer no apology for any of my omissions, and of the pieces selected few, I trust, will be held to require defence. The translations are all in verse, except that on three occasions I have been unable to resist the beautiful prose of Mr. Mackail. I need hardly add that

I have not ventured to alter any of them where they chanced to disagree with the Oxford Text. My hearty thanks are due to all who have allowed me to borrow their translations, and to all who have helped with suggestions and criticisms, and in particular to Mr. J. H. Vince, who has written versions of three pieces for this volume. Further, I must offer my thanks to Mr. Milford for allowing me the use of the Oxford Classical Texts, and of the new edition of Mr. Rhoades's *Virgil*; to the Cambridge University Press as proprietors of Jebb's *Sophocles* and Walter Headlam's *Book of Greek Verse*; to Messrs. Allen & Unwin for the translations from Euripides and Aeschylus by Professor Murray; to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for pieces taken from Goldwin Smith's *Bay Leaves* and from Edmund Morshead's *Aeschylus*; to Mr. John Murray for a passage from Lord Derby's *Iliad* and one from Mr. Mackail's *Latin Literature*; to Messrs. G. Bell & Sons for the translations by Calverley, Conington, and Mr. R. K. Davis; to Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons for that by Sir G. K. Rickards; and to Messrs. Longmans Green & Co. for two extracts from Whitelaw's *Sophocles* and two from Mr. Mackail's prose version of the *Georgics*.

CHARTERHOUSE, GODALMING.

July 1921.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I.	Lucretius, i. 1-40 : Proem, to Venus . . .	2
II.	„ i. 80-101 : The Sacrifice of Iphigenia . . .	6
III.	„ iii. 1-30 : Epicurus . . .	8
IV.	„ iii. 894-911 : The Fear of Death . . .	10
V.	Catullus, iii : Lesbia's Sparrow . . .	12
VI.	„ iv : The Yacht . . .	14
VII.	„ xxxi : Sirmio . . .	16
VIII.	„ xxxiv : A Hymn to Diana . . .	18
IX.	„ ci : A Brother's Grave . . .	20
X.	Virgil, <i>Georgic</i> i. 311-50 : The Storm . . .	22
XI.	„ „ ii. 136-76 : Italy . . .	26
XII.	„ „ ii. 458-540 : The Countryman's Blessings . . .	30
XIII.	„ „ iv. 460-527 : Orpheus and Eurydice . . .	36
XIV.	„ <i>Aeneid</i> ii. 268-369 : The Fall of Troy . . .	42
XV.	„ „ iv. 571-629 : The Trojans sail from Carthage . . .	50
XVI.	„ „ vi. 752-892 : The Descendants of Aeneas . . .	56
XVII.	Horace, <i>Odes</i> i. 5 : Boy and Girl . . .	68
XVIII.	„ „ i. 9 : Winter . . .	70
XIX.	„ „ i. 22 : Integer Vitae . . .	72
XX.	„ „ iii. 2 : The Strenuous Life . . .	74
XXI.	„ „ iii. 13 : The Spring of Bandusia . . .	78
XXII.	Tibullus, i. 3, 35-50 : The Age of Saturn . . .	80
XXIII.	Propertius, i. 20, 33-50 : Hylas . . .	82
XXIV.	„ „ iii. 10, 1-18 : A Birthday Morning . . .	84
XXV.	Ovid, <i>Amores</i> iii. 9 : On the Death of Tibullus . . .	86
XXVI.	Status, <i>Silvae</i> v. 4 : To Sleep . . .	92

	PAGE
xxvii. Claudian, <i>Carmina Minora</i> xx: The Old Yeoman	94
xxviii. Homer, <i>Iliad</i> vi. 390-502: The Parting of Hector and Andromache	96
xxix. Aeschylus, <i>The Persians</i> , 353-432: Salamis	104
xxx. „ „ 447-71: Psyttaleia	110
xxxI. „ <i>Prometheus Bound</i> , 436-71: Pro- metheus' Gifts to Men	112
xxxII. „ <i>Agamemnon</i> , 636-80: The Storm at Sea	116
xxxIII. Sophocles, <i>Ajax</i> , 646-92: A Speech of Ajax	120
xxxIV. „ „ 815-65: Ajax prepares to die	124
xxxv. „ <i>Oedipus at Colonus</i> , 1586-1666: The Passing of Oedipus	128
xxxvi. Euripides, <i>Alcestis</i> , 150-98: How Alcestis pre- pared for Death	134
xxxvii. „ <i>Medea</i> , 1021-80: Medea nerves herself to slay her Children	138
xxxviii. „ <i>Hippolytus</i> , 73-87: An Offering to Artemis	144
xxxix. „ <i>The Trojan Women</i> , 740-79: Andro- mache mourns over Astyanax	146
xl. Simonides: Epitaph on the Athenian Dead at Plataea	150
xli. „ : Epitaph on the Spartan Dead at Plataea	150
xlII. Callimachus: The Dead Scholar	152
xlIII. Meleager: Love's Garland	154
xlIV. Ptolemaeus: The Astronomer's Vision	156
INDEX OF AUTHORS	158
INDEX OF TRANSLATORS	159

ΚΤΗΜΑ ΕΣ ΑΕΙ

Proem, to Venus

AENEADVIV genetrix, hominum diuvmque
uoluptas,
alma Venus, caeli subter labentia signa
quae mare nauigerum, quae terras frugiferentis
concelebras, per te quoniam genus omne animantum
concipitur uisitque exortum lumina solis :
te, dea, te fugiunt uenti, te nubila caeli
aduentumque tuum, tibi suauis daedala tellus
summittit flores, tibi rident aequora ponti
placatumque nitet diffuso lumine caelum.
nam simul ac species patefactast uerna diei
et reserata uiget genitabilis aura fauoni,
aeriae primum uolucres te, diua, tuumque
significant initum percussae corda tua ui.
inde ferae pecudes persultant pabula laeta
et rapidos tranant amnis : ita capta lepore
te sequitur cupide quo quamque inducere pergis.
denique per maria ac montis fluuiosque rapaces
frondiferasque domos auium camposque uirentis
omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem
efficis ut cupide generatim saecula propagent.
quae quoniam rerum naturam sola gubernas
nec sine te quicquam dias in luminis oras
exoritur neque fit laetum neque amabile quicquam,
te sociam studeo scribendis uersibus esse
quos ego de rerum natura pangere conor
Memmiadae nostro, quem tu, dea, tempore in omni
omnibus ornatum uoluisti excellere rebus.
quo magis aeternum da dictis, diua, leporem.
effice ut interea fera moenera militiai
per maria ac terras omnis sopita quiescant.

GODDESS from whom descends the race of
Rome,

Venus, of heaven and earth supreme delight,
Hail thou that all beneath the starry dome—

Lands rich with grain and seas with navies white—
Blessest and cherishest ! Where thou dost come

Enamelled earth decks her with posies bright
To meet thy advent ; clouds and tempests flee
And joyous light smiles over land and sea.

Often as comes again the vernal hour

And balmy gales of spring begin to blow,
Birds of the air first feel thy sovereign power

And, stirred at heart, its genial influence show.
Next the wild herds the grassy champaign scour

Drawn by thy charm, and stem the river's flow.
In mountain, wood, field, sea, all things by grace
Of Venus love, and love preserves their race.

Mother of life and beauty, that dost bring

All things in order forth, thy aid I claim
When to our Memmius I essay to sing

Of nature and the universal frame—

Memmius whom thy own hand has crowned the king

Of all that charms or wins the meed of fame.
Grace thou my verse, and while I sing bid cease
Fell war, and let the weary earth have peace.

nam tu sola potes tranquilla pace iuuare
mortalis, quoniam belli fera moenera Mauors
armipotens regit, in gremium qui saepe tuum se
reicit aeterno deuictus uulnere amoris,
atque ita suspiciens tereti ceruice reposta
pascit amore auidos inhians in te, dea, uisus,
eque tuo pendet resupini spiritus ore.
hunc tu, diua, tuo recubantem corpore sancto
circumfusa super, suavis ex ore loquelas
funde petens placidam Romanis, incluta, pacem.

This thou alone canst do, since thou alone
Mars, battle's master, by thy spells canst bind ;
Oft does the God of War love's cravings own
Unquenchable, and on thy lap reclined,
His shapely neck back in his rapture thrown,
His soul to thine through looks of passion joined,
Feed on thy beauty. Clasp him to thy breast,
Fill him with thy sweet self, and give us rest.

The Sacrifice of Iphigenia

ILLVD in his rebus uereor, ne forte rearis
impia te rationis inire elementa uiamque
indugredi sceleris. quod contra saepius illa
religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta :
Aulide quo pacto Triuiarum uirginis aram
Iphianassai turparunt sanguine foede
ductores Danaum delecti, prima uirorum.
cui simul infula uirgineos circumdata comptus
ex utraque pari malarum parte profusast,
et maestum simul ante aras adstare parentem
sensit et hunc propter ferrum celare ministros
aspectuque suo lacrimas effundere ciuis,
muta metu terram genibus summissa petebat :
nec miserae prodesse in tali tempore quibat
quod patrio princeps donarat nomine regem ;
nam sublata uirum manibus tremebundaque ad aras
deductast, non ut sollempni more sacrorum
perfecto posset claro comitari Hymenaeo,
sed casta incestu nubendi tempore in ipso
hostia concideret mactatu maesta parentis,
exitus ut classi felix faustusque daretur—
tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

NOR deem it sin by Reason to be freed,
Or think I lead thee an unholy way ;
Rather to many a dark and bloody deed

Religion hurries those who own her sway.
Was not Iphigenia doomed to bleed

By the Greek chiefs, though first of men were they,
Staining the altar of the Trivian Maid
At Aulis where the fleet by winds was stayed?

Lo ! on her tresses fair for bridal tire

The sacrificial fillet they have bound ;
Beside the altar weeping stands her sire :

In all the crowd no tearless eye is found.
The priests make ready for their office dire,
Yet pitying hide the knife. When gazing round
The maiden sees her doom, her spirit dies,
Her limbs sink down, speechless on earth she lies.

The firstborn of his children, she in vain
Had brought the name of father to the king.

In arms upborne she goes, not by a train
Of youths that the loud hymeneal sing
Around a happy bride in joyous strain

Bearing her home, but a sad offering,
There to be slain by him who gave her birth.
Such evil hath Religion wrought on earth.

Epicurus

E TENEBRIS tantis tam clarum extollere lumen
qui primus potuisti inlustrans commoda uitae,
te sequor, o Graiae gentis decus, inque tuis nunc
ficta pedum pono pressis uestigia signis,
non ita certandi cupidus quam propter amorem
quod te imitari aueo ; quid enim contendat hirundo
cynnis, aut quidnam tremulis facere artubus haedi
consimile in cursu possint et fortis equi uis?
tu, pater, es rerum inuentor, tu patria nobis
suppeditas praecepta, tuisque ex, inclute, chartis,
floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta,
aurea, perpetua semper dignissima uita.
nam simul ac ratio tua coepit uociferari
naturam rerum, diuina mente coorta,
diffugiunt animi terrores, moenia mundi
discedunt, totum uideo per inane geri res.
apparet diuum numen sedesque quietae
quas neque concutiunt uenti nec nubila nimbis
aspergunt neque nix acri concreta pruina
cana cadens uiolat semperque innubilis aether
integit, et large diffuso lumine rident.
omnia suppeditat porro natura neque ulla
res animi pacem delibat tempore in ullo.
at contra nusquam apparent Acherusia templa,
nec tellus obstat quin omnia dispiciantur,
sub pedibus quaecumque infra per inane geruntur.
his ibi me rebus quaedam diuina uoluptas
percipit atque horror, quod sic natura tua ui
tam manifesta patens ex omni parte relecta est.

O THOU that in such darkness such a light
Didst kindle, to man's ways a beacon fire !
Glory of Grecian land ! To tread aright

Where thou hast trod, this is my heart's desire.
To love, not rival, is my utmost flight ;

To rival thee what mortal can aspire ?
Can swallows match with swans, or the weak feet
Of kids vie in the race with coursers fleet ?

Father, discoverer, guide, we owe to Thee
The golden precepts that shall ne'er grow old ;
As bees sip honey on the flowery lea,

Knowledge we sip of all the world doth hold.
Thy voice is heard : at once the shadows flee,
The portals of the universe unfold,
And ranging through the void thy followers' eye
Sees Nature at her work in earth and sky.

Of Deity the secrets straight appear ;
The gods within their calm abode are seen ;
Abodes which rains ne'er drench, which tempests drear
Ne'er beat, nor chills the freezing winter keen.
But over-canopied with ether clear

They ever smile with glorious light serene ;
While Nature's self doth every want supply,
Nor pain, nor care those mansions come anigh :
But Hell and all its terrors vanish quite.

Though nought is left beneath our feet to hide
The abyss from view, Hell nowhere meets the sight :
Into my bosom flows the mingled tide
Of shuddering awe and of divine delight

To see thy genius which all truth descried.
Thus Nature's inmost mysteries unseal
And all her ways in Heaven and Earth reveal.

The Fear of Death

‘ I AM iam non domus accipiet te laeta, neque uxor
optima nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
praeripere et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.
non poteris factis florentibus esse, tuisque
praesidium. misero misere ’ aiunt ‘ omnia ademit
una dies infesta tibi tot praemia uitae.’
illud in his rebus non addunt ‘ nec tibi earum
iam desiderium rerum super insidet una.’
quod bene si uideant animo dictisque sequantur,
dissoluant animi magno se angore metuque.
‘ tu quidem ut es leto sopitus, sic eris aevi
quod superest cunctis priuatu’ doloribus aegris.
at nos horrifico cinefactum te prope busto
insatiabiliter defleuimus, aeternumque
nulla dies nobis maerorem e pectore demet.’
illud ab hoc igitur quaerendum est, quid sit amari
tanto opere, ad somnum si res redit atque quietem,
cur quisquam aeterno possit tabescere luctu.

iii. 894-911.

‘**N**OW no more shall a glad home and a true wife welcome thee, nor darling children race to snatch thy first kisses and touch thy heart with a sweet and silent content ; no more mayest thou be prosperous in thy doings and a defence to thine own : alas and woe ! ’ say they, ‘ one disastrous day has taken all these prizes of thy life away from thee ’—but thereat they do not add this, ‘ and now no more does any longing for these things beset thee.’ This did their thought but clearly see and their speech follow, they would release themselves from great heartache and fear. ‘ Thou, indeed, as thou art sunk in the sleep of death, wilt so be for the rest of the ages, severed from all weary pains ; but we, while close by us thou didst turn ashen on the awful pyre, made unappeasable lamentation, and everlastingly shall time never rid our heart of anguish.’ Ask we then this of him, what there is that is so very bitter, if sleep and peace be the conclusion of the matter, to make one fade away in never-ending grief?

Lesbia's Sparrow

LVGETE, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
et quantum est hominum uenustiorum.
passer mortuus est meae puellae,
passer, deliciae meae puellae,
quem plus illa oculis suis amabat :
nam mellitus erat suamque norat
ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem.
nec sese a gremio illius mouebat,
sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
ad solam dominam usque pipilabat.
qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.
at uobis male sit, malae tenebrae
Orci, quae omnia bella deuoratis :
tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.
uae factum male ! uae miselle passer,
tua nunc opera meae puellae
flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

iii.

Metre, Hendecasyllabic.

WEEP, weep, ye Loves and Cupids all,
And ilka Man o' decent feelin' :
My lassie's lost her wee, wee bird,
And that 's a loss, ye 'll ken, past healin'.

The lassie lo'ed him like her een :
The darling wee thing lo'ed the ither,
And knew and nestled to her breast,
As ony bairnie to her mither.

Her bosom was his dear, dear haunt—
So dear, he cared na lang to leave it ;
He'd nae but gang his ain sma' jaunt,
And flutter piping back bereavit.

The wee thing 's gane the shadowy road
That 's never travelled back by ony :
Out on ye, Shades ! ye 're greedy aye
To grab at aught that 's brave and bonny.

Puir, foolish, fondling, bonnie bird,
Ye little ken what wark ye 're leavin' :
Ye 've gar'd my lassie's een grow red,
Those bonnie een grow red wi' grievin'.

The Yacht

PHASELLVS ille, quem uidetis, hospites,
ait fuisse nauium celerrimus,
neque ullius natantis impetum trabis
nequisse praeterire, siue palmulis
opus foret uolare siue linteo.
et hoc negat minacis Adriatici
negare litus insulasue Cycladas
Rhodumque nobilem horridamque Thraciam
Propontida trucemue Ponticum sinum,
ubi iste post phasellus antea fuit
comata silua : nam Cytorio in iugo
loquente saepe sibilum edidit coma.
Amastri Pontica et Cytore buxifer,
tibi haec fuisse et esse cognitissima
ait phasellus : ultima ex origine
tuo stetisse dicit in cacumine,
tuo imbuisse palmulas in aequore,
et inde tot per impotentia freta
herum tulisse, laeua siue dextera
uocaret aura, siue utrumque Iuppiter
simul secundus incidisset in pedem.
neque ulla uota litoralibus deis
sibi esse facta, cum ueniret a mari
nouissimo hunc ad usque limpidum lacum.
sed haec prius fuere : nunc recondita
senet quiete seque dedicat tibi,
gemelle Castor et gemelle Castoris.

STRANGER, the ship that here you see
Swiftest of vessels claims to be,
For she could make a beaten boat
Of any racing craft afloat,
Whether by rowing she'd prevail,
Or scud beneath the snowy sail.
Nor can the Adriatic coast,
Rave as it may, deny this boast,
Nor all the wave-girt Cyclades,
Nor Rhodes, that queens it o'er the seas,
Nor the grim sea that guards the strait,
Nor Pontus, raging at the gate ;
Where as a forest, ere her launch,
She spread full many a leafy branch,
And in the far Cytorian hill
Sweet whispering winds her leaves would thrill.
Pontic Amastris, this you knew,
Quoth she, and green Cytorus too,
For yours the hill whereon she waved,
And yours the earliest streams that laved
Her oar blades : thence her lord she bore
Full many a raging channel o'er,
Beckoned the gale to left or right,
Or strained each quivering sheet-rope tight.
Nor, when the seas she must forsake,
To dwell beside this limpid lake,
Was any votive offering paid
Terrestrial gods for timely aid.
But these are tales of yesterday :
Now here she dreams her years away,
Content your patronage to win,
O twin of Castor and O Castor twin !

Sirmio

PAENE insularum, Sirmio, insularumque
ocelle, quascumque in liquentibus stagnis
marique uasto fert uterque Neptunus ;
quam te libenter quamque laetus inuiso,
uix mi ipse credens Thyniam atque Bithynos
liquisse campos et uidere te in tuto.
o quid solutis est beatius curis,
cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
labore fessi uenimus larem ad nostrum,
desideratoque acquiescimus lecto?
hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.
salue, o uenusta Sirmio, atque hero gaude ;
gaudete uosque, o Lydiae lacus undae ;
ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

xxxi.

Metre, Choliambic.

GEM of all isthmuses and isles that lie,
Fresh or salt water's children, in clear lake
Or ampler ocean : with what joy do I
Approach thee, Sirmio ! Oh ! am I awake,
Or dream that once again my eye beholds
Thee, and has looked its last on Thynian wolds ?
Sweetest of sweets to me that pastime seems,
When the mind drops her burden : when—the pain
Of travel past—our own cot we regain,
And nestle on the pillow of our dreams !
'Tis this one thought that cheers us as we roam.
Hail, O fair Sirmio ! Joy, thy lord is here !
Joy too, ye waters of the Garda Mere !
And ring out, all ye laughter-peals of home.

A Hymn to Diana

DIANAE sumus in fide
puellae et pueri integri :
Dianam pueri integri
puellaeque canamus.

o Latonia, maximi
magna progenies Iouis,
quam mater prope Deliam
deposiuit oliuam,

montium domina ut fores
siluarumque uirentium
saltuumque reconditorum
amnumque sonantum :

tu Lucina dolentibus
Iuno dicta puerperis,
tu potens Triuia et notho's
dicta lumine Luna.

tu cursu, dea, menstruo
metiens iter annuum,
rustica agricolae bonis
tectis frugibus explēs.

sis quocumque tibi placet
sancta nomine, Romulique
antique ut solita's bona
sospites ope gentem.

Metre, Glyconic.

xxxiv.

BOYS and maidens undefiled
In Diana's faithful care,
Pure Diana, boy and maid
Undefiled, sing we !

O Latona's mighty Child,
She to Jove almighty bare,
At thy birth in Delos laid
By the Olive-tree ;

Mountains all to be thy dower,
All the woodland coverts green,
All sequestered chaces thine,
And the sounding streams :

Women in their labouring hour
Call thee *Lightener* ; thou art Queen
Trivia where the ways are trine,
Moon with borrowed beams.

Monthly as thy stages move,
Measuring all the yearly space,
With good harvest thou dost fill
Peasant's farm and floor.

In what name thou best approve
Be thou hallowed, and with grace
Romulus' true people still
Prosper as of yore !

A Brother's Grave

MVLTA per gentis et multa per aequora uectus
aduenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias :
ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem.
quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,
nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum
tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias.
accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
atque in perpetuum, frater, aue atque uale.

ci.

THROUGH many a region borne, o'er many
a main,
To thy last home, my brother, am I come
To give thee death's last boon, and all in vain
To greet thine ashes silent in the tomb.
Thyself I greet no more. Ah, cruel fate
That thee from me, my brother, thus could sever !
Yet take these gifts, the last sad boon of
death,—
Gifts that ancestral use doth consecrate,
And many a brother's tear now moisteneth ;—
And Hail, my brother, and farewell for ever !

The Storm

QVID tempestates autumni et sidera dicam,
atque, ubi iam breuiorque dies et mollior aestas,
quae uigilanda uiris? uel cum ruit imbriferum uer,
spicea iam campis cum messis inhorruit et cum
frumenta in uiridi stipula lactentia turgent?
saepe ego, cum flauis messorum induceret aruis
agricola et fragili iam stringeret hordea culmo,
omnia uentorum concurrere proelia uidi,
quae grauidam late segetem ab radicibus imis
sublimem expulsam eruerent; ita turbine nigro
ferret hiems culmumque leuem stipulasque uolantis.
saepe etiam immensum caelo uenit agmen aquarum
et foedam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris
collectae ex alto nubes; ruit arduus aether,
et pluuiâ ingenti sata laeta boumque labores
diluit; implentur fossae et caua flumina crescunt
cum sonitu feruetque fretis spirantibus aequor.
ipse pater media nimborum in nocte corusca
fulmina molitur dextra: quo maxima motu
terra tremit; fugere ferae et mortalia corda
per gentis humilis strauit pavor: ille flagranti
aut Athon aut Rhodopen aut alta Ceraunia telo
deicit; ingeminant Austri et densissimus imber:
nunc nemora ingenti uento, nunc litora plangunt.
hoc metuens caeli mensis et sidera serua,
frigida Saturni sese quo stella receptet,
quos ignis caelo Cyllenius erret in orbis.
in primis uenerare deos, atque annua magnae

WHY tell of autumnal storms and stars, and when now the day is briefer and the summer softer, what watches men must keep? or when showerful spring pours down, when the spiky harvest even now ripples on the plains, and when the green blade swells with her milky grain? Often have I seen, when the husbandman was marching in his reapers to the golden fields and just cutting the slim-stalked barley, how all the winds, clashing in battle, would tear right from the roots and fling high whole breadths of heavy corn; in so black a gust would the storm sweep light blade and flying straw away. Often likewise the waters of heaven descend in infinite armies, and clouds charged from the deep thicken into foul weather black with thundershowers: the sky pours sheer down and washes away the glad crops and labours of the oxen with flooding rain; ditches fill, and river channels swell roaring, and the narrow seas seethe and smoke. Our Lord himself in the midnight of the storm-clouds wields the flashing bolts in his right hand: at their shock ancient Earth trembles, wild beasts slink away, and mortal hearts throughout the nations bow low in terror: he hurls down his flaming shaft on Athos or Rhodope or the Ceraunian heights; the south winds blow fiercer and the rain streams drenching down, and the rushing wind wails over forest and shore.

Fearing this, regard thou heaven in his months and seasons, whither the chill star of Saturn withdraws, to what circles in the sky the Cyllenian wanderer turns his fire. Above all, worship thou

sacra refer Cereri laetis operatus in herbis
extremae sub casum hiemis, iam uere sereno.
tum pingues agni et tum mollissima uina,
tum somni dulces densaeque in montibus umbrae.
cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret :
cui tu lacte fauos et miti dilue Baccho,
terque nouas circum felix eat hostia fruges,
omnis quam chorus et socii comitentur ouantes,
et Cererem clamore uocent in tecta ; neque ante
falcem maturis quisquam supponat aristis
quam Cereri torta redimitus tempora quercu
det motus incompositos et carmina dicat.

Georgic i. 311-350.

the gods, and bring great Ceres her yearly offerings, doing sacrifice on the springing grass close on the verge of dying winter, when now spring skies are clear. Then lambs are fat, and then wines mellowest, then sleep is sweet where the shade thickens on the hill. To Ceres let all thy rustic folk do service ; to her wash thou the honeycomb with milk and soft wine, and for luck let the victim thrice encircle the springing crops and all the band of thy fellows keep it joyful company, and loudly call Ceres into the homestead : neither let any lay sickle to the ripe ears till in Ceres' praise, his brows wreathed with twisted oak, he move in rude dances and chant her hymn.

Italy

SED neque Medorum siluae, ditissima terra,
nec pulcher Ganges atque auro turbidus Her-
mus

laudibus Italiae certent, non Bactra neque Indi
totaque turiferis Panchaia pinguis harenis.

haec loca non tauri spirantes naribus ignem
inuertere satis immanis dentibus hydri,
nec galeis densisque uirum seges horruit hastis ;
sed grauidae fruges et Bacchi Massicus umor
impleuere ; tenent oleae armentaque laeta.

hinc bellator equus campo sese arduus infert,
hinc albi, Clitumne, greges et maxima taurus
uictima, saepe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
Romanos ad templa deum duxere triumphos.

hic uer adsidium atque alienis mensibus aestas :
bis grauidae pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbor.

at rabidae tigres absunt et saeua leonum
semina, nec miseros fallunt aconita legentis,
nec rapit immensos orbis per humum neque
tanto

squameus in spiram tractu se colligit anguis.
adde tot egregias urbes operumque laborem,
tot congesta manu praeruptis oppida saxis
fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.

an mare quod supra memorem, quodque adluit
infra?

anne lacus tantos? te, Lari maxime, teque,
fluctibus et fremitu adsurgens, Benace, marino?

BUT no, nor Mede-land with its wealth of woods,
 Nor Ganges fair, and Hermus thick with gold,
 Can match the praise of Italy ; nor Ind,
 Nor Bactria, nor Panchaia, one wide tract
 Of incense-teeming sand. Here never bulls
 With nostrils snorting fire upturned the sod
 Sown with the monstrous dragon's teeth, nor crop
 Of warriors bristled thick with lance and helm ;
 But heavy harvests and the Massic juice
 Of Bacchus fill its borders, overspread
 With fruitful flocks and olives. Hence arose
 The war-horse stepping proudly o'er the plain ;
 Hence thy white flocks, Clitumnus, and the bull,
 Of victims mightiest, which full oft have led,
 Bathed in thy sacred stream, the triumph-pomp
 Of Romans to the temples of the gods.
 Here blooms perpetual spring, and summer here
 In months that are not summer's ; twice teem the
 flocks ;
 Twice doth the tree yield service of her fruit.
 But ravening tigers come not nigh, nor breed
 Of savage lion, nor aconite betrays
 Its hapless gatherers, nor with sweep so vast
 Doth the scaled serpent trail his endless coils
 Along the ground, or wreathe him into spires.
 Mark too her cities, so many and so proud,
 Of mighty toil the achievement, town on town
 Up rugged precipices heaved and reared,
 And rivers undergliding ancient walls.
 Or should I celebrate the sea that lavè
 Her upper shores and lower ? or those broad lakes ?
 Thee, Larius, greatest and, Benacus, thee

an memorem portus Lucrinoque addita claustra
atque indignatum magnis stridoribus aequor,
Iulia qua ponto longe sonat unda refuso
Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur aestus Auernis?
haec eadem argenti riuos aerisque metalla
ostendit uenis atque auro plurima fluxit.
haec genus acre uirum, Marsos pubemque Sabellam
adsuetumque malo Ligurem Volcosque uerutos
extulit, haec Decios Marios magnosque Camillos,
Scipiadas duos bello et te, maxime Caesar,
qui nunc extremis Asiae iam uictor in oris
imbellem auertis Romanis arcibus Indum.
salue, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
magna uirum : tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
ingredior sanctos ausus recludere fontis,
Ascraeumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.

Georgic ii. 136-76.

With billowy uproar surging like the main?
Or sing her harbours, and the barrier cast
Athwart the Lucrine, and how ocean chafes
With mighty bellowings, where the Julian wave
Echoes the thunder of his rout, and through
Avernian inlets pours the Tuscan tide?
A land no less that in her veins displays
Rivers of silver, mines of copper ore,
Ay, and with gold hath flowed abundantly.
A land that reared a valiant breed of men,
The Marsi and Sabellian youth, and, schooled
To hardship, the Ligurian, and with these
The Volscian javelin-armed, the Decii too,
The Marii and Camilli, names of might,
The Scipios, stubborn warriors, ay, and thee,
Great Caesar, who in Asia's utmost bounds
With conquering arm e'en now art fending far
The unwarlike Indian from the heights of Rome.
Hail ! land of Saturn, mighty mother thou
Of fruits and heroes ; 'tis for thee I dare
Unseal the sacred fountains, and essay
Themes of old art and glory, as I sing
The song of Ascrea through the towns of Rome.

The Countryman's Blessings

O FORTVNATOS nimium, sua si bona norint,
agricolas ! quibus ipsa procul discordibus
armis

fundit humo facilem uictum iustissima tellus ;
si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
mane salutantum totis uomit aedibus undam,
nec uarios inhiant pulchra testudine postis
inlusasque auro uestis Ephyreiaque aera,
alba neque Assyrio fucatur lana ueneno,
nec casia liquidi corrumpitur usus oliui ;
at segura quies et nescia fallere uita,
diues opum uariarum, at latis otia fundis
speluncae uiuique lacus, at frigida Tempe
mugitusque boum mollesque sub arbore somni
non absunt ; illic saltus ac lustra ferarum,
et patiens operum exiguoque adsueta iuuentus,
sacra deum, sanctique patres ; extrema per illos
Iustitia excedens terris uestigia fecit.

Me uero primum dulces ante omnia Musae,
quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
accipiant caelique uias et sidera monstrent,
defectus solis uarios lunaeque labores ;
unde tremor terris, qua ui maria alta tumescant
obicibus ruptis rursusque in se ipsa residant,
quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles
hiberni, uel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.
sin, has ne possim naturae accedere partis,
frigidus obstiterit circum praecordia sanguis,

AH too fortunate the husbandmen, did they know their own felicity ! on whom far from the clash of arms Earth their most just mistress lavishes from the soil a plenteous sustenance. Though no high proud-portalled house pours forth the vast tide of morning visitants that fill her halls ; though they feed no gaze on doors inlaid with lovely tortoise-shell or raiment tricked out with gold, or bronzes of Ephyre ; though the fleece's whiteness is not stained with Assyrian dye nor the clear olive-oil spoiled for use with cinnamon ; but careless quiet and life ignorant of disappointment, wealthy in manifold riches, but the peace of broad lands, caverns and living lakes, and cool pleasancess and the lowing of oxen and soft slumbers beneath the tree fail not there ; there are the glades and covers of game, and youth hardy in toil and trained to simplicity, divine worship and reverend age ; among them Justice set her last footprints as she passed away from earth.

Me indeed first and before all things may the sweet Muses, whose priest I am and whose great love hath smitten me, take to themselves and show me the pathways of the sky, the stars, and the diverse eclipses of the sun and the moon's travails ; whence is the earthquake ; by what force the seas swell high over their burst barriers and sink back into themselves again ; why winter suns so hasten to dip in Ocean, or what hindrance keeps back the lingering nights. But if I may not so attain to this side of nature for the clog of chilly blood about my heart, may the country and the streams that

rura mihi et rigui placeant in uallibus amnes,
flumina amem siluasque inglorius. o ubi campi
Spercheusque et uirginibus bacchata Lacaenis
Taygeta ! o qui me gelidis conuallibus Haemi
sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra !
felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
atque metus omnis et inexorabile fatum
subiecit pedibus strepitumque Acherontis auari.
fortunatus et ille deos qui nouit agrestis
Panaque Siluanumque senem Nymphasque sorores.
illum non populi fascēs, non purpura regum
flexit et infidos agitans discordia fratres,
aut coniurato descendens Dacus ab Histro,
non res Romanae perituraque regna ; neque ille
aut doluit miserans inopem aut inuidit habenti.
quos rami fructus, quos ipsa uolentia rura
sponte tulere sua, carpsit, nec ferrea iura
insanumque forum aut populi tabularia uidit.
sollicitant alii remis freta caeca, ruuntque
in ferrum, penetrant aulas et limina regum ;
hic petit excidiis urbem miserosque penatis,
ut gemma bibat et Sarrano dormiat ostro ;
condit opes alius defossoque incubat auro ;
hic stupet attonitus rostris, hunc plausus hiantem
per cuneos geminatus enim plebisque patrumque
corripuit ; gaudent perfusi sanguine fratrum,
exsilioque domos et dulcia limina mutant
atque alio patriam quaerunt sub sole iacentem.
agricola incuruo terram dimouit aratro :
hinc anni labor, hinc patriam paruosque nepotes

water the valleys content me, and lost to fame let me love stream and woodland. Ah, where the plains spread by Spercheus, and Laconian girls revel on Taygetus ! ah for one to lay me in Haemus' cool dells and cover me in immeasurable shade of boughs ! Happy he who hath availed to know the causes of things, and hath laid all fears and immitigable Fate and the roar of hungry Acheron under his feet ; yet he no less is blessed, who knows the gods of the country, Pan and old Silvanus and the Nymphs' sisterhood. Him fasces of the people or purple of kings sway not, not maddening discord among treacherous brethren, nor the Dacian swarming down from the leagued Danube, not the Roman state or realms destined to decay ; nor may pity of the poor or envy of the rich cost him a pang. What fruits the boughs, what the gracious fields bear of their own free will, these he gathers, and sees not the iron of justice or the mad forum and the archives of the people. Others vex blind seaways with their oars, or rush upon the sword, pierce the courts and chambers of kings ; one aims destruction at the city and her wretched homes, that he may drink from gems and sleep on Tyrian scarlet ; another heaps up wealth and broods over buried gold ; one hangs rapt in amaze before the Rostra ; one the applause of populace and senate re-echoing again over the theatre carries open-mouthed away : joyfully they steep themselves in blood of their brethren, and exchange for exile the dear thresholds of their homes, and seek a country spread under an alien sun. The husbandman sunders the soil with curving plough ; from this is the labour of his year, from this the sustenance of his native land and his

sustinet, hinc armenta boum meritosque iuuen-
cos. nec requies, quin aut pomis exuberet annus
aut fetu pecorum aut Cerealis mergite culmi,
prouentuque oneret sulcos atque horrea uincat.
uenit hiems : teritur Sicyonia baca trapetis,
glande sues laeti redeunt, dant arbuta siluae ;
et uarios ponit fetus autumnus, et alte
mitis in apricis coquitur uindemia saxis.
interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati,
casta pudicitiam seruat domus, ubera uaccae
lactea demittunt, pinguesque in gramine laeto
inter se aduersis luctantur cornibus haedi.
ipse dies agitat festos fususque per herbam,
ignis ubi in medio et socii cratera coronant,
te libans, Lenaeae, uocat pecorisque magistris
uelocis iaculi certamina ponit in ulmo,
corporaque agresti nudant praedura palaestra.
hanc olim ueteres uitam coluere Sabini,
hanc Remus et frater, sic fortis Etruria creuit
scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,
septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.
ante etiam sceptrum Dictaei regis et ante
impia quam caesis gens est epulata iuuen-
cis, aureus hanc uitam in terris Saturnus agebat ;
necdum etiam audierant inflari classica, necdum
impositos duris crepitare incudibus ensis.

Georgic ii. 458-540.

little grandchildren, of his herds of oxen and his faithful bullocks ; and unceasingly the year lavishes fruit or young of the flock or sheaf of the corn-blade, and loads the furrow and overflows the granary with increase. Winter is come ; the Sicyonian berry is crushed in the olive-presses, the swine come home sleek from their acorns, the woodland yields her arbute-clusters, and autumn drops his manifold fruitage, and high up the mellow vintage ripens on the sunny rock. Meanwhile sweet children cling round his kisses, the home abides in sacred purity, the kine droop their milky udders, and on the shining grass fat kids wrestle with confronting horns. Himself keeps holiday, and stretched on the sward where the fire is in the midmost and the company wreathes the wine-bowl, calls on thee, god of the winepress, in libation, and marks an elm for contests of the flying javelin among the keepers of the flock, or they strip their hardy limbs for the rustic wrestling-match. This life the ancient Sabines kept long ago, this Remus and his brother ; even thus Etruria waxed mighty, ay, and Rome grew fairest of the world and ringed her sevenfold fortresses with a single wall. Yes, before the sceptre of that Cretan king, before a guilty race slew oxen for the banquet, this life golden Saturn led on earth ; nor yet withal had they heard war-trumpets blown, nor yet the hard anvil clink under the sword.

Orpheus and Eurydice

AT chorus aequalis Dryadum clamore supremos
implerunt montis ; flerunt Rhodopeiae arces
altaque Pangaea et Rhesi Mauortia tellus
atque Getae atque Hebrus et Actias Orithyia.
ipse caua solans aegrum testudine amorem
te, dulcis coniunx, te solo in litore secum,
te ueniente die, te decedente canebat.
Taenarias etiam fauces, alta ostia Ditis,
et caligantem nigra formidine lucum
ingressus, manisque adiit regemque tremendum
nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.
at cantu commotae Erebi de sedibus imis
umbrae ibant tenues simulacraque luce carentum,
quam multa in foliis auium se milia condunt,
uesper ubi aut hibernus agit de montibus imber,
matres atque uiri defunctaque corpora uita
magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puel-
lae,
impositique rogis iuuenes ante ora parentum,
quos circum limus niger et deformis harundo
Cocyti tardaque palus inamabilis unda
alligat et nouies Styx interfusa coercet.
quin ipsae stupuere domus atque intima Leti
Tartara caeruleosque implexae crinibus anguis

BUT with their cries the Dryad-band her peers
Filled up the mountains to their proudest peaks:
Wailed for her fate the heights of Rhodope,
And tall Pangaea, and, beloved of Mars,
The land that bowed to Rhesus, Thrace no less
With Hebrus' stream ; and Orithyia wept,
Daughter of Acte old. But Orpheus' self,
Soothing his love-pain with the hollow shell,
Thee his sweet wife on the lone shore alone,
Thee when day dawned and when it died he sang.
Nay to the jaws of Taenarus too he came,
Of Dis the infernal palace, and the grove
Grim with a horror of great darkness—came,
Entered, and faced the Manes and the King
Of terrors, the stone heart no prayer can tame.
Then from the deepest deeps of Erebus,
Wrung by his minstrelsy, the hollow shades
Came trooping, ghostly semblances of forms
Lost to the light, as birds by myriads hie
To greenwood boughs for cover, when twilight-hour
Or storms of winter chase them from the hills ;
Matrons and men, and great heroic frames
Done with life's service, boys, unwedded girls,
Youths placed on pyre before their fathers' eyes.
Round them, with black slime choked and hideous
weed,
Cocytus winds ; there lies the unlovely swamp
Of dull dead water, and, to pen them fast,
Styx with her ninefold barrier poured between.
Nay, even the deep Tartarean Halls of death
Stood lost in wonderment, and the Eumenides,
Their brows with livid locks of serpents twined ;

Eumenides, tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora,
atque Ixionii uento rota constitit orbis.

iamque pedem referens casus euaserat omnis,
redditaque Eurydice superas ueniebat ad auras
pone sequens (namque hanc dederat Proserpina
legem),

cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem,
ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes :
restitit, Eurydicenque suam iam luce sub ipsa
immemor heu ! uictusque animi respexit. ibi omnis
effusus labor atque immitis rupta tyranni
foedera, terque fragor stagnis auditus Auerni.
illa, ' quis et me,' inquit, ' miseram et te perdidit,
Orpheu,

quis tantus furor? en iterum crudelia retro
fata uocant conditque natantia lumina somnus.
iamque uale : feror ingenti circumdata nocte
inualidasque tibi tendens, heu non tua, palmas.'
dixit et ex oculis subito, ceu fumus in auras
commixtus tenuis, fugit diuersa, neque illum
prensantem nequiquam umbras et multa uolentem
dicere praeterea uidit ; nec portitor Orci
amplius obiectam passus transire paludem.
quid faceret? quo se rapta bis coniuge ferret?
quo fletu manis, quae numina uoce moueret?
illa quidem Stygia nabat iam frigida cumba.
septem illum totos perhibent ex ordine mensis
rupe sub aëria deserti ad Strymonis undam

Even Cerberus held his triple jaws agape,
And, the wind hushed, Ixion's wheel stood still.
And now with homeward footstep he had passed
All perils scathless, and, at length restored,
Eurydice to realms of upper air
Had well-nigh won, behind him following—
So Proserpine had ruled it—when his heart
A sudden mad desire surprised and seized—
Meet fault to be forgiven, might Hell forgive.
For at the very threshold of the day,
Heedless, alas ! and vanquished of resolve,
He stopped, turned, looked upon Eurydice
His own once more. But even with the look,
Poured out was all his labour, broken the bond
Of that fell tyrant, and a crash was heard
Three times like thunder in the meres of hell.
'Orpheus ! what ruin hath thy frenzy wrought
On me, alas ! and thee ? Lo ! once again
The un pitying fates recall me, and dark sleep
Closes my swimming eyes. And now farewell :
Girt with enormous night I am borne away,
Outstretching toward thee, thine, alas ! no more,
These helpless hands.' She spake, and suddenly,
Like smoke dissolving into empty air,
Passed and was sundered from his sight ; nor him
Clutching vain shadows, yearning sore to speak,
Thenceforth beheld she, nor no second time
Hell's boatman brooks he pass the watery bar.
What should he do ? fly whither, twice bereaved ?
Move with what tears the Manes, with what voice
The Powers of darkness ? She indeed even now
Death-cold was floating on the Stygian barge !
For seven whole months unceasingly, men say,
Beneath a skyey crag, by thy lone wave,

flesse sibi, et gelidis haec éuoluisse sub astris,
mulcentem tigris et agentem carmine quercus ;
qualis populea maerens philomela sub umbra
amissos queritur fetus, quos durus arator
obseruans nido implumis detraxit ; at illa
flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
integrat, et maestis late loca questibus implet.
nulla Venus, non ulli animum flexere hymenaei :
solus Hyperboreas glacies Tanaimque niualem
aruaque Riphaeis numquam uiduata pruinis
lustrabat, raptam Eurydicen atque inrita Ditis
dona querens : spretae Ciconum quo munere matres
inter sacra deum nocturnique orgia Bacchi
discerptum latos iuuenem sparsere per agros.
tum quoque marmorea caput a ceruice reuulsum
gurgite cum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus
uolueret, Eurydicen uox ipsa et frigida lingua,
a miseram Eurydicen ! anima fugiente uocabat ;
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripae.

Georgic iv. 460-527.

Strymon, he wept, and in the caverns chill
Unrolled his story, melting tigers' hearts,
And leading with his lay the oaks along.
As in the poplar-shade a nightingale
Mourns her lost young, which some relentless swain,
Spying, from the nest has torn unfledged, but she
Wails the long night, and perched upon a spray
With sad insistence pipes her dolorous strain,
Till all the region with her wrongs o'erflows.
No love, no new desire, constrained his soul :
By snow-bound Tanais and the icy north,
Far steppes to frost Rhipaeon for ever wed,
Alone he wandered, lost Eurydice
Lamenting, and the gifts of Dis ungiven.
Scorned by which tribute the Ciconian dames,
Amid their awful Bacchanalian rites
And midnight revellings, tore him limb from limb,
And strewed his fragments over the wide fields.
Then too, even then, what time the Hebrus stream,
Oeagrian Hebrus, down mid-current rolled,
Rent from the marble neck, his drifting head,
The death-chilled tongue found yet a voice to cry
'Eurydice ! ah ! poor Eurydice !'
With parting breath he called her, and the banks
From the broad stream caught up 'Eurydice !'

The Fall of Troy

TEMPVS erat quo prima quies mortalibus aegris
incipit et dono diuum gratissima serpit.

in somnis, ecce, ante oculos maestissimus Hector
uisus adesse mihi largosque effundere fletus,
raptatus bigis ut quondam, aterque cruento
puluere perque pedes traiectus lora tumentis.
ei mihi, qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore qui redit exuuias indutus Achilli,
uel Danaum Phrygios iaculatus puppibus ignis ;
squalentem barbam et concretos sanguine crinis
uulneraque illa gerens, quae circum plurima muros
accepit patrios. ultro flens ipse uidebar
compellare uirum et maestas expromere uoces :
' o lux Dardaniae, spes o fidissima Teucrum,
quae tantae tenuere morae? quibus Hector ab
oris

expectate uenis? ut te post multa tuorum
funera, post uarios hominumque urbisque labores
defessi aspicimus ! quae causa indigna serenos
foedauit uultus? aut cur haec uulnera cerno? '
ille nihil, nec me quaerentem vana moratur,
sed grauitur gemitus imo de pectore ducens,
' heu fuge, nate dea, teque his ' ait ' eripe flam-
mis.

hostis habet muros ; ruit alto a culmine Troia.
sat patriae Priamoque datum : si Pergama dextra

IT was the time when the first slumber falls
On suffering mortals, by the high Gods' gift
Then sweetliest stealing o'er them : lo ! in sleep
Hector before mine eyes, all woe-begone,
Seemed then to stand, and shower down floods of
tears ;

Torn by the dragging chariot, as of old,
And black with blood-stained dust,—his swollen feet
Pierced with the thong. Ah ! what a sight he was !
How all unlike that Hector, who returned
Clad in Achilles' arms, the spoils of war,
Or fresh from hurling on the Danaan decks
The fires of Phrygia ! now with dragged beard,
And hair blood-clotted, wearing all those wounds
So thickly dealt him round his native walls !
Weeping myself, I first, methought, addressed
The hero, and drew forth these sorrowing words :
' Light of the Dardan land, O staunchest hope
Of Teucria's sons, say why this long delay?
Or from what borders, Hector, art thou come,
Much looked for ? is it thus that, wearied out
With all the myriad slaughters of thy friends,
City and townsmen's ever-changing woes,
Our eyes behold thee ? What unseemly cause
Hath marred thy cloudless features ? or what mean
These wounds I gaze on ? ' Not a word spake he,
Nor recked mine idle questioning, but groan
On laboured groan from out his bosom's depth
Upheaving, ' Ah ! fly, goddess-born,' he said,
' And snatch thee from the flames : the foeman hath
Our walls, and Troy from her proud summit sinks.
Enough to king and country hath been given :
If any hand could Pergamus have saved,

defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.
sacra suosque tibi commendat Troia penatis ;
hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quaere
magna, pererrato statues quae denique ponto.
sic ait et manibus uittas Vestamque potentem
aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.

Diuerso interea miscentur moenia luctu,
et magis atque magis, quamquam secreta parentis
Anchisae domus arboribusque oblecta recessit,
clarescunt sonitus armorumque ingruit horror.
excitior somno et summi fastigia tecti
ascensu supero atque arrectis auribus asto :
in segetem ueluti cum flamma furentibus Austris
incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens
sternit agros, sternit sata laeta boumque labores
praecipitisque trahit siluas : stupet inscius alto
accipiens sonitum saxi de uertice pastor.
tum uero manifesta fides, Danaumque patescunt
insidiae. iam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam
Volcano superante domus, iam proximus ardet
Vcalegon ; Sigea igni freta lata relucet.
exoritur clamorque uirum clangorque tubarum.
arma amens capio ; nec sat rationis in armis,
sed glomerare manum bello et concurrere in arcem
cum sociis ardent animi ; furor iraque mentem
praecipitat, pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.

Ecce autem telis Panthus elapsus Achium,
Panthus Othryades, arcis Phoebique sacerdos,

Then mine had saved it : Troy commits to thee
Her worship and her household gods ; these take
As comrades of thy destinies ; for these
Seek out a mighty city thou at length
Shalt rear thee, having roamed wide ocean o'er.'
Such words he spake, and in his hands bare forth
The sacred fillets from the inmost shrine,
And Vesta's might, and her undying fire.

Meantime the walls grow one confusèd scene
Of widespread anguish ; and, though far withdrawn
My sire Anchises' palace amid trees
Lay sheltered, ever louder and more loud
Surges the din, swells out the alarm of war.
I start from sleep, to the high roof-top mount,
And stand, all ear, to hearken : as, when fire
Falls on the corn beneath the furious south,
Or ravening torrent from a mountain flood
Lays low the fields, lays low the laughing crops,
The oxen's labour, and drags forests down
Headlong, the hind from some tall craggy peak
Mute with amaze stands listening to the roar.
Then is the bare truth self-attested, then
The Danaan wiles unmask them ; see e'en now
The house of Deiphobus a vast ruin yawns
O'ertopped by Vulcan ! see his neighbour too
Ucalegon in flames ! Sigeum's gulf
Reflects the blaze afar. Up goes to heaven
Shouting of men, and clarion's bray ; distraught
I seize mine arms, though arms lack argument ;
But my heart burns to mass a warrior-band,
And with my comrades hasten to the hold :
Frenzy and anger urge my headlong will,
And death methinks how comely, sword in hand !

But Panthus, from the Achæan darts escaped,
Panthus, the son of Othrys, see ! and priest

sacra manu uictosque deos paruumque nepotem
ipse trahit cursuque amens ad limina tendit.

‘quo res summa loco, Panthu? quam prendimus
arcem?’

uix ea fatus eram gemitu cum talia reddit :

‘uenit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus
Dardaniae. fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens
gloria Teucrorum ; ferus omnia Iuppiter Argos
transtulit ; incensa Danaï dominantur in urbe.
arduus armatos mediis in moenibus astans
fundit equus uictorque Sinon incendia miscet
insultans. portis alii bipatientibus adsunt,
milia quot magnis umquam uenere Mycenis ;
obsedere alii telis angusta uiarum
oppositis ; stat ferri acies mucrone corusco
stricta, parata neci ; uix primi proelia temptant
portarum uigiles et caeco Marte resistunt.’
talibus Othryadae dictis et numine diuum
in flammās et in arma feror, quo tristis Erinys
quo fremitus uocat et sublatus ad aethera clamor.
addunt se socios Rhipeus et maximus armis
Epytus, oblatis per lunam, Hypanisque Dymasque
et lateri adglomerant nostro, iuuenisque Coroeus
Mygdonides—illis ad Troiam forte diebus
uenerat insano Cassandrae incensus amore

Of Phoebus on the height, in his own hand
The sacred emblems of the vanquished gods,
And dragging his young grandchild after him,
Nigh at wits' end comes hurrying to my door.
'Panthus, how stands the fortune of the day?
What point of vantage seize we?' Scarce had I
Uttered the words when, groaning, he replies :
'The latest day, the inevitable hour,
Has dawned on Dardan land ; we, Trojans once,
And Ilium, and the Teucrians' giant fame
Have been, and are not ; Jove's remorseless will
From us to Argos hath borne all away ;
Our town's a-flame ; the Danaans lord it there.
Towering amidst the city-walls erect
The horse rains armèd warriors ! far and near
Sinon with victor-insolence spreads wide
The conflagration. Through the folding gates
Some enter, myriads countless as e'er came
From great Mycenæ ; some, to bar our path,
With weapons have beset the narrow ways,
A wall of steel-blade edges flashing bare,
For death-blow dight : scarce seek the foremost
guards
To hold the gates against them, or maintain
The blindfold conflict.' At such words as these
From Othrys' son, and at the doom of heaven,
I rush into the midst of fire and fray,
Where the grim Fury, where the battle-din
Me summons, and the shouts uptossed to heaven.
Then, lo ! by moonlight borne across my path,
Rhipheus, and Epytus, right brave in arms,
And Hypanis and Dymas join with me,
And gather to my side, and Mygdon's child,
The youth Coroebus. In those days it chanced
He, with mad passion for Cassandra fired,

et gener auxilium Priamo Phrygibusque ferebat,
infelix qui non sponsae praecepta furentis
audierit !

quos ubi confertos audere in proelia uidi,
incipio super his : ‘ iuuenes, fortissima frustra
pectora, si uobis audendi extrema cupido
certa sequi, quae sit rebus fortuna uidetis ;
excessere omnes adytis arisque relictis
di quibus imperium hoc steterat ; succurritis urbi
incensae : moriamur et in media arma ruamus.
una salus uictis nullam sperare salutem.’

sic animis iuuenum furor additus. inde, lupi ceu
raptores atra in nebula, quos improba uentris
exegit caecos rabies catulique relict
faucibus exspectant siccis, per tela, per hostis
uadimus haud dubiam in mortem mediaeque tene-
mus

urbis iter ; nox atra caua circumuolat umbra.
quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
explicitet aut possit lacrimis aequare labores ?
urbs antiqua ruit multos dominata per annos ;
plurima perque uias sternuntur inertia passim
corpora perque domos et religiosa deorum
limina. nec soli poenas dant sanguine Teucrici ;
quondam etiam uictis redit in praecordia uirtus
uictoresque cadunt Danaï. crudelis ubique
luctus, ubique pavor et plurima mortis imago.

Had come to Troy, and as a son was now
To Priam and the Phrygians lending aid,
Unhappy, not to heed the warning voice
Of his heaven-frenzied bride. Whom when I saw
Close-banded and with stomach for the fray
I thus the more exhort them : ' Warrior-hearts,
Dauntless in vain, if your desire be set
On following one who dares the bitter end,
Our fortune's plight how desperate, ye may see :
Gone are the gods, from shrine and altar fled,
Aye, one and all, by whom this empire stood :
The town ye seek to succour is in flames ;
Then die we, plunging into the battle's midst ;
One safety hath defeat—to hope for none !'
Thus were the warriors' souls to frenzy wrought.
Then like to ravening wolves in a black mist,
Whose belly-rage unbridled drives them forth
To grope for prey—their cubs left lone the while
With doughty jaws await them—on we press
Through darts, through foemen, to no doubtful
doom,
Thridding the city's midst : Night's ebon wings
Float round us with their overarching shade.
Who could unfold the havoc of that night,
Tell o'er the slain, or match our teen with tears?
Stoops to her fall our ancient city, she
The empress of the ages. Through her streets
And homes, and hallowed thresholds of the gods,
Heap upon heap the dead lie strewn and stark ;
Nor Teucrians only pay the bloody debt ;
Sometimes, though vanquished, to their heart returns
Valour, and down the conquering Danai go.
Look where you will, heart-rending agony
And panic reign, and many a shape of death.

The Trojans sail from Carthage

TVM uero Aeneas subitis exterritus umbris
corripit e somno corpus sociosque fatigat
praecipitis: 'uigilate, uiri, et considite trans-
tris;

soluite uela citi. deus aethere missus ab alto
festinare fugam tortosque incidere funis
ecce iterum instimulat. sequimur te, sancte deo-
rum,

quisquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ouantes.
adsis o placidusque iuues et sidera caelo
dextra feras.' dixit uaginaque eripit ensem
fulmineum strictoque ferit retinacula ferro.
idem omnis simul ardor habet, rapiuntque ruunt-
que;

litora deseruere, latet sub classibus aequor,
adnixa torquent spumas et caerula uerrunt.

Et iam prima nouo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.
regina e speculis ut primam albescere lucem
uidit et aequatis classem procedere uelis,
litoraue et uacuos sensit sine remige portus,
terque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum
flauentisque abscissa comas 'pro Iuppiter! ibit
hic,' ait 'et nostris inluserit aduena regnis?
non arma expedient totaque ex urbe sequentur,
deripientque rates alii naualibus? ite,
ferte citi flammis, date tela, impellite remos!

THIS said, he mixt himself with night : but then
Aeneas at these visions sore aghast,
Starts out of sleep, and cries, Up, up, O men,
Hoise up your sails, fly to your oars, row fast ;
Behold a God from Heaven again bids haste,
Cutting the wreathed cable. O, who ere
We follow thee, obeyed as late thou wast
Most gladly. Aid what thou command'st, and steer
With prosperous stars bespoke as thou fliest through
their sphere.

This said, whipped out his lightning sword, and
strook

The fastening ropes. Like zeal his pattern bred
In all. They snatched, they ran, the shores forsook,
Their sails like wings over the waves were spread ;
They combed with oars great Neptune's curled
head.

And now Aurora scattered rosy light

Upon the earth from Tithon's purple bed.

Whom Dido, having scouted all the night,
Discover'd from the watch-tower by her ensigns
white.

Seeing the fleet sail smoothly on, she knocks

Three or four times her breast of ivory,
And tearing piteously her amber locks ;

' O Jove, but shall he then be gone,' said she,
' And shall a stranger mock my realm and me?
Shall not my powers pursue him from the shore,
And my tall galleys manned out instantly?
Arm, arm, ye men of Tyre, bring fire-balls' store,
Hoise in a trice the sails, tug stoutly at the oar.

quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quae mentem insania
mutat?

infelix Dido, nunc te facta impia tangunt?
tum decuit, cum sceptras dabas. en dextra fidesque,
quem secum patrios aiunt portare penatis,
quem subiisse umeris confectum aetate parentem!
non potui abreptum diuellere corpus et undis
spargere? non socios, non ipsum absumere ferro
Ascanium patriisque epulandum ponere mensis?
uerum anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna. —fuisset:
quem metui moritura? faces in castra tulissem
implessemque foros flammis natumque patrem-
que

cum genere extinxem, memet super ipsa dedissem.
Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras,
tuque harum interpretas curarum et conscia Iuno,
nocturnisque Hecate triviis ululata per urbes
et Dirae ultrices et di morientis Elissae,
accipite haec, meritumque malis aduertite numen
et nostras audite preces. si tangere portus
infandum caput ac terris adnare necesse est,
et sic fata Iouis poscunt, hic terminus haeret:
at bello audacis populi uexatus et armis,
finibus extorris, complexu auulsus Iuli
auxilium imploret uideatque indigna suorum
funera; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae

‘What talk I, or where am I? Do I rave?

Poor Dido ! now you see his heart ; before
Could you not see it, when your crown you gave
To his dispose? Behold the faith he swore
Who saved his gods, and his old father bore!
I’ll strow him on the waves, his men first killed,
And spitted upon swords, and sauced in gore,
Ascanius to him his last meal shall yield,
The father’s yearning bowels with his bowels filled.

‘But this would be a doubtful battle. Be’t,

What should she fear whose wishes are to die !
I will blow up the hatches, burn the fleet,
Son, sire, and nation in one bonfire fry,
And myself last to crown the tragedy.

O Sol, the index of whose purging light

Doth all the works of skilful Nature try ;

And Juno, cause of this my woeful plight,

And Proserpine, cried through the towns in dead of
night.

And your revenging powers, Gods, which pertain

To dying Dido ; all of you incline

Your deities to this my prayer ; both deign

Gently to hear, and lend me your divine

Assistance, due to such high wrongs as mine.

If one so clogged with perjuries as he

Must needs attain the port he doth design,

And swim to shore because his destiny

So wills, and such is Jove’s immutable decree,

Yet vext by a warlike people, forced to fly,

Torn and divorced from his dear son’s embrace,

Let him beg foreign aid, see his men die

For crimes not theirs, and let him, when a peace
Shall be concluded by him with disgrace,

tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur,
sed cadat ante diem mediaque inhumatus harena.
haec precor, hanc uocem extremam cum sanguine
fundo.

tum uos, o Tyrii, stirpem et genus omne futurum
exercete odiis, cinerique haec mittite nostro
munera. nullus amor populis nec foedera sunt.
exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor
qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos,
nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt se tempore uires.
litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
imprecor, arma armis : pugnent ipsique nepotesque.'

Aeneid iv. 571-629.

Enjoy nor crown nor life (then seeming good)
But be cut off in middle of his race,
And uninterred float on the restless flood :
Thus pray I, these last words I pour out with my
blood.

Then you, O Tyrians, breed your children in
Successive hate, so shall my wronged ghost rest ;
Let peace or faith with these be held a sin ;
Some one of ours with fire and sword infest
The proud Aeneiades where'er they nest,
And through the world once more the stragglers
drive ;
Now, or hereafter, when your strength serves
best ;
Be shores opposed to shores, let our tides strive
With theirs, and our late sons keep endless war alive.

The Descendants of Aeneas

DIXERAT Anchises natumque unaque Sibyllam
conuentus trahit in medios turbamque sonan-
tem,

et tumultum capit unde omnis longo ordine posset
aduersos legere et uenientum discere uultus.

‘Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quae deinde
sequatur

gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,

inlustris animas nostrumque in nomen ituras,
expediam dictis, et te tua fata docebo.

ille, uides, pura iuuenis qui nititur hasta,

proxima sorte tenet lucis loca, primus ad auras

aetherias Italo commixtus sanguine surget,

Siluius, Albanum nomen, tua postuma proles,

quem tibi longaeuo serum Lauinia coniunx

educet siluis regem regumque parentem,

unde genus Longa nostrum dominabitur Alba.

proximus ille Procas, Troianae gloria gentis,

et Capys et Numitor et qui te nomine reddet

Siluius Aeneas, pariter pietate uel armis

egregius, si umquam regnandam acceperit Albam.

qui iuuenes ! quantas ostentant, aspice, uiris

atque umbrata gerunt ciuili tempora quercu !

hi tibi Nomentum et Gabios urbemque Fidenam,

hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces,

Pometios Castrumque Inui Bolamque Coramque.

haec tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine
terrae.

THUS spake the Sire,
And through the murmuring concourse to a
mound

Contiguous led the chief and Sibyl maid ;
Thence the long file of phantoms as they passed
Bade them observe, and scan their aspect well.

‘ Mark now, my son, and learn the destinies
Of those illustrious souls, whom Italy
Upon the old heroic stock of Troy
Shall graft, and add new lustre to our name.
Yon stripling see, who on his headless spear
Stands leaning, nearest to the gates of life,
And foremost claimant to the realms of day?
Mixed in his veins Ausonian blood shall flow :
Silvius of Alba named, thy last-born son,
Whom in the sylvan glades thy destined spouse
To thee Lavinia in thine age shall bear ;
A king himself, and sire of kings to be—
First of our race Long Alba’s crown to wear.
Next Procas, glory of the Teucrian line ;
Capys and Numitor ; thy namesake, too,
Alike for piety and arms renowned
(Should Fate permit to mount his Alban throne),
Silvius Aeneas. Lo ! what forms are there !
What might of lusty youth ! and round their
brows

The patriot’s civic wreath, the oak, is twined.
These shall strong bulwarks for thy kingdom build—
Nomentum, Gabii, and Fidenae’s walls,
Collatia towering on her castled steep ;
Pometia, and the fort of Inuus—towns
In days to come illustrious, nameless now.

quin et auo comitem sese Mauortius addet
Romulus, Assaraci quem sanguinis Ilia mater
educet. uiden, ut geminae stant uertice cristae
et pater ipse suo superum iam signat honore?
en huius, nate, auspiciis illa incluta Roma
imperium terris, animos aequabit Olympo,
septemque una sibi muro circumdabit arces,
felix prole uirum : qualis Berecyntia mater
inuehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes
laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
omnis caelicolas, omnis supera alta tenentis.
huc geminas nunc flecte acies, hanc aspice gentem
Romanosque tuos. hic Caesar et omnis Iuli
progenies magnum caeli uentura sub axem.
hic uir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis,
Augustus Caesar, diui genus, aurea condet
saecula qui rursus Latio regnata per arua
Saturno quondam, super et Garamantas et Indos
proferet imperium ; iacet extra sidera tellus,
extra anni solisque uias, ubi caelifer Atlas
axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.
huius in aduentum iam nunc et Caspia regna
responsis horrent diuum et Maeotia tellus,
et septemgemi turbant trepida ostia Nili.
nec uero Alcides tantum telluris obiuit,
fixerit aeripedem ceruam licet, aut Erymanthi
pacarit nemora et Lernam tremefecerit arcu ;

See ! Romulus beside his grandsire stands,
Whom Ilia, priestess of pure Dardan blood,
To Mars shall bear ! Lo ! blazing on his helm
The double plume, and stamped upon his brow
The signet of paternal Deity ;
By him with glorious auspices begun,
Encircling with one wall her sevenfold hill,
Rome, queen of nations, shall her empire bound
By earth, her lofty spirit by the skies,
Rich in heroic progeny of sons.

So rides in triumph through her Phrygian realms
The Berecynthian mother, crowned with towers,
Prolific parent of a hundred Gods,
All throned on high, all denizens of Heaven.

‘ Now yonder turn thine eyes ; thy sons behold—
Thine own illustrious Romans—Caesar there,
And seed that from Iulus’ loins shall spring,
Await their earthly heritage of fame.

There, there, thy great descendant, promised long,
Child of the Gods, Augustus Caesar, stands—
Restorer of the antique age of gold
O’er Latian plains, where Saturn reigned of yore ;
Lord of a wide-extended realm that far
Outlies the bounds of Garamant or Ind ;
Beyond the Planets’ range and Solar way ;
Where Atlas on his shoulders heaves the skies
With stars bejewelled. As his hour draws nigh,
The Caspian and Maeotian tribes, appalled,
Quake at the dismal auguries of their Gods,
And turbid flow the streams of seven-mouthed Nile.
Not Hercules such boundless tracts o’erran,
Albeit he pierced the brazen-footed hind,
Freed from their scourge the Erymanthian glades,
And quelled the Lernian monster with his bow ;

nec qui pampineis uictor iuga flectit habenis
Liber, agens celso Nysae de uertice tigris.
et dubitamus adhuc uirtutem extendere factis,
aut metus Ausonia prohibet consistere terra?
quis procul ille autem ramis insignis oliuae
sacra ferens? nosco crinis incanaque menta
regis Romani primam qui legibus urbem
fundabit Curibus paruis et paupere terra,
missus in imperium magnum. cui deinde subibit
otia qui rumpet patriae residesque mouebit
Tullus in arma uiros et iam desueta triumphis
agmina. quem iuxta sequitur iactantior Ancus
nunc quoque iam nimium gaudens popularibus
auris.

uis et Tarquinius reges animamque superbam
ultoris Bruti, fascisque uidere receptos?
consulis imperium hic primus saeuasque securis
accipiet, natosque pater noua bella mouentis
ad poenam pulchra pro libertate uocabit.
infelix! utcumque ferent ea facta minores:
uincet amor patriae laudumque immensa cupido.
quin Decios Drususque procul saeuumque securi
aspice Torquatum et referentem signa Camillum.
illae autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
concordes animae nunc et dum nocte premuntur,
heu quantum inter se bellum, si lumina uitae
attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebut,

Nor Bacchus, who with vine-encircled reins
His harnessed tigers drives down Nysa's steep.
And doubt we to extend our fame by deeds,
Or shrink disheartened from the Ausonian shore?

‘ But who comes next, with olive chaplet crowned,
The priestly censer in his hands? I know
Thy hoary locks and beard, thou Roman king,
New founder of the State by well-framed laws ;
Called from thy niggard soil and petty realm
Of Cures, to ascend a loftier throne.
Him follows Tullus, who with trumpet-blast
Shall break the dreams of peace, and rouse to
arms

His sluggish hosts, to conquest long disused.
Ancus comes next, vainglorious prince, e'en now
Too greedy of the shouting mob's applause.
Or would you see the kings of Tarquin's line,
And Brutus the avenger, haughty soul !
Who freedom's ravished emblems shall restore?
Him first shall men hail Consul : the dread axe
Before him shall be borne ; and his own sons,
In traitorous arms against their country leagued,
The unpitying father shall adjudge to die,
In Liberty's dear cause. O sorely tried !
Howe'er posterity account the deed,
Thy patriot zeal, insatiate of renown,
Shall bear the palm.

The Decii, Drusi, see,
And stern Torquatus with the headsman's steel ;
And there, with standards rescued from the Gaul,
Camillus stands. ' Mark now yon warrior pair,
In arms alike ; here, in their darkling state
Congenial souls. Ah ! when their day of life
Shall dawn, what deadly combat shall they wage,

aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monoeci
descendens, gener aduersis instructus Eois !
ne, pueri, ne tanta animis adsuescite bella
neu patriae ualidas in uiscera uertite uiris ;
tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
proice tela manu, sanguis meus !—
ille triumphata Capitolia ad alta Corinθο
uictor aget currum caesis insignis Achiuis.
eruet ille Argos Agamemnoniasque Mycenas
ipsumque Aeaciden, genus armipotentis Achilli,
ultus auos Troiae templa et temerata Minervae.
quis te, magne Cato, tacitum aut te, Cosse, re-
linquat ?
quis Gracchi genus aut geminos, duo fulmina
belli,
Scipiadas, cladem Libyae, paruoque potentem
Fabricium uel te sulco, Serrane, serentem ?
quo fessum rapitis, Fabii ? tu Maximus ille es,
unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem.
excudent alii spirantia mollius aera
(credo equidem), uiuos ducent de marmore uul-
tus,
orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent :
tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento

What hosts shall clash, what streams of carnage flow !
One chief from Alpine citadel descends,
His kinsman leads the embattled East to war.
Cease, cease, my sons, the unhallowed strife, nor
pierce

Your country's bosom with her own sharp steel ;
Thou, offspring of Olympus, mine own blood,
First fling thy weapons down.

Lo ! near thee stands
One who, in conquering car with blood of Greeks
Imbrued, shall to the Capitol bear home
The spoils of vanquished Corinth.

Yonder shade
Shall Agamemnon's haughty towers destroy,
Lay Argos low, and that Thessalian king—
Who boasts Aeacian blood, and claims for sire
Achilles the invincible—o'erthrow ;
Avenging his great ancestors who died
At Ilium, and Minerva's outraged fane.

' Who, Cato, thy great name, or Cossus thine,
Could pass untold? the Gracchi, glorious clan,
Or Scipios, those twin thunderbolts of war,
Scourges of Libya? or Fabricius, rich
In low estate? or thee, content to sow
Thy glebe, Serranus? Spare my failing breath,
Ye Fabii : thou, the Greatest—thou alone
By masterly delay shalt save the State !

' Let others mould in bronze the lifelike form,
Or carve the breathing lineaments in stone ;
Plead at the bar with more persuasive skill,
Or count the constellations as they rise,
And map their wanderings on the chart of Heaven,
Be thine the imperial privilege to reign,
And bow the nations, Roman, to thy sway ;

(hae tibi erunt artes), pacisque imponere morem,
parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.'

Sic pater Anchises atque haec mirantibus addit :
'aspice, ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis
ingreditur uictorque uiros supereminet omnis.
hic rem Romanam magno turbante tumultu
sistet, eques sternet Poenos Gallumque rebellem,
tertiaque arma patri suspendet capta Quirino.'
atque hic Aeneas (una namque ire uidebat
egregium forma iuuenem et fulgentibus armis,
sed frons laeta parum et deiecto lumina uultu)
'quis, pater, ille, uirum qui sic comitatur euntem?
filius, ane aliquis magna de stirpe nepotum?
qui strepitus circa comitum ! quantum instar in
ipso !

sed nox atra caput tristi circumuolat umbra.'
tum pater Anchises lacrimis ingressus obortis :
'o nate, ingentem luctum ne quaere tuorum ;
ostendent terris hunc tantum fata neque ultra
esse sinent. nimium uobis Romana propago
uisa potens, superi, propria haec si dona fuissent.
quantos ille uirum magnam Mauortis ad urbem
campus aget gemitus ! uel quae, Tiberine, uide-
bis

funera, cum tumulum praeterlabere recentem !
nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente Latinos
in tantum spe tollet auos, nec Romula quondam

With peaceful rule to discipline mankind,
The vanquished spare, but crush the haughty foe.'

Awhile Anchises paused, but as they gazed
In silent wonder wrapt, his theme pursued :
' See there Marcellus, crowned with glorious spoils,
In pride of conquest towering o'er his peers ;
He, when the State is rocked with wild alarms,
Shall stay the tottering fabric, trample down
The Carthaginian and rebellious Gaul,
And the third trophy of triumphal arms
Raise to Feretrian Jove.'

But now a youth
Beside the elder chief Aeneas sees,
Clad in resplendent arms, and passing fair ;
But grave his mien and downcast is his brow.
' Say, father, who is this?—the hero's son,
Perchance, or distant offshoot of his line?
What murmur of attendants round the boy !
What dignity of bearing all his own !
But o'er him hovers Night's funereal shade.'
Tears gushed unbidden as his Sire replied :
' Seek not, my son, to learn the heaviest grief
That o'er thy house impends : that godlike boy
Shall envious Fate a moment lend to earth,
Then snatch the boon away ; but, O ye Gods !
Well might ye deem our progeny too blest,
Could Rome such prize retain. Ah me ! what
groans,

Wrung from the breasts of warriors, shall be heard
On that broad plain beside the towers of Mars !
What mournful pageant shall thy stream behold,
O Tiber, gliding by his new-made grave !
Never shall child of Troy with such fond hopes
Inspire his Latian fathers, never Rome

ullo se tantum tellus iactabit alumno.
heu pietas, heu prisca fides inuictaque bello
dextera ! non illi se quisquam impune tulisset
obuius armato, seu cum pedes iret in hostem
seu spumantis equi foderet calcaribus armos.
heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
tu Marcellus eris. manibus date lilia plenis,
purpureos spargam flores animamque nepotis
his saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
munere.' sic tota passim regione uagantur
aëris in campis latis atque omnia lustrant.
quae postquam Anchises natum per singula duxit
incenditque animum famae uenientis amore,
exim bella uiro memorat quae deinde gerenda,
Laurentisque docet populos urbemque Latini,
et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem.

Aeneid vi. 752-892.

So proudly hail the promise of a son.
O piety ! O pure and pristine faith !
O valour, irresistible in arms !
Woe to the foeman that shall face his steel—
Whether he heads afoot the charging ranks,
Or digs the rowels in his foam-flecked steed !
Dear child of sorrow, should stern Fate allow
To burst the cloud, Marcellus shalt thou be !
Bring lilies in your arms a plenteous pile ;
Be this sad office mine, with purple flowers
To strew my kinsman's early grave, and pay
This unavailing homage to his shade.'

Thus wandering through the spacious fields of air,
They traversed all the region ; all in turn
Surveyed : Anchises to his son the while
The secrets of futurity unveiled,
And fired his breast with visions of renown ;
Forewarned him, too, of conflicts yet to come—
Of King Latinus and Laurentian tribes ;
What perils must be braved, what toils endured.

Boy and Girl

QVIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
cui flauam religas comam

simplex munditiis? heu quotiens fidem
mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
nigris aequora uentis
emirabitur insolens,

qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
qui semper uacuam, semper amabilem
sperat, nescius aurae
fallacis. miseri, quibus

intemptata nites. me tabula sacer
uotiuâ paries indicat uuida
suspendisse potenti
uestimenta maris deo.

Odes i. 5.

Metre, Fifth Asclepiad.

WHAT slender youth bedewed with liquid odours
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha, for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness ? O how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain : and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire :
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
To whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me in my vowed
Picture the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dripping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.

Winter

VIDES ut alta stet niue candidum
Soracte nec iam sustineant onus
silvae laborantes geluque
flumina constiterint acuto?

dissolue frigus ligna super foco
large reponens atque benignius
deprome quadrimum Sabina,
o Thaliarche, merum diota.

permitte diuis cetera, qui simul
strauere uentos aequore feruido
deproeliantis, nec cupressi
nec ueteres agitantur orni.

quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere, et
quem Fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
adpone nec dulcis amores
sperne, puer, neque tu choreas,

donec uirenti canities abest
morosa. nunc et campus et areae
lenesque sub noctem susurri
composita repetantur hora,

nunc et latentis proditor intimo
gratus puellae risus ab angulo
pignusque dereptum lacertis
aut digito male pertinaci.

Odes i. 9.

Metre, Alcaic.

ONE dazzling mass of solid snow
Soracte stands ; the bent woods fret
Beneath their load ; and, sharpest-set
With frost, the streams have ceased to flow.

Pile on great faggots and break up
The ice : let influence more benign
Enter with four-years-treasured wine,
Fetched in the ponderous Sabine cup :

Leave to the gods all else. When they
Have once bid rest the winds that war
Over the passionate seas, no more
Gray ash and cypress rock and sway.

Ask not what future suns shall bring.
Count to-day gain, whate'er it chance
To be : nor, young man, scorn the dance,
Nor deem sweet Love an idle thing,

Ere Time thy April youth hath changed
To sourness. Park and public walk
Attract thee now, and whispered talk
At twilight meetings pre-arranged ;

Hear now the pretty laugh that tells
In what dim corner lurks thy love ;
And snatch a bracelet or a glove
From wrist or hand that scarce rebels.

Integer Vitae

INTEGER uitae scelerisque purus
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu
nec uenenatis grauida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,

siue per Syrtis iter aestuosas
siue facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum uel quae loca fabulosus
lambit Hydaspes.

namque me silua lupo in Sabina,
dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
terminum curis uagor expeditis,
fugit inermem,

quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis
nec Iubae tellus generat, leonum
arida nutrix.

pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
arbor aestiua recreatur aura,
quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Iuppiter urget ;

pone sub curru nimium propinqui
solis in terra domibus negata :
dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
dulce loquentem.

Odes i. 22.

Metre, Sapphic.

NO need of Moorish archer's craft
To guard the pure and stainless liver ;
He wants not, Fuscus, poison'd shaft
To store his quiver,

Whether he traverse Libyan shoals,
Or Caucasus, forlorn and horrent,
Or lands where far Hydaspes rolls
His fabled torrent.

A wolf, while roaming trouble-free
In Sabine wood, as fancy led me,
Unarm'd I sang my Lalage,
Beheld, and fled me.

Dire monster ! in her broad oak woods
Fierce Daunia fosters none such other,
Nor Juba's land, of lion broods
The thirsty mother.

Place me where on the ice-bound plain
No tree is cheer'd by summer breezes,
Where Jove descends in sleety rain
Or sullen freezes ;

Place me where none can live for heat,
'Neath Phoebus' very chariot plant me,
That smile so sweet, that voice so sweet,
Shall still enchant me.

The Strenuous Life

ANGVSTAM amice pauperiem pati
robustus acri militia puer
condiscat et Parthos ferocis
uexet eques metuendus hasta

uitamque sub diuo et trepidis agat
in rebus. illum ex moenibus hosticis
matrona bellantis tyranni
prospiciens et adulta uirgo

suspiret, eheu, ne rudis agminum
sponsus lacesat regius asperum
tactu leonem, quem cruenta
per medias rapit ira caedis.

dulce et decorum est pro patria mori :
mors et fugacem persequitur uirum,
nec parcit imbellis iuuentae
poplitibus timidoue tergo.

Virtus, repulsae nescia sordidae,
intaminatis fulget honoribus,
nec sumit aut ponit securis
arbitrio popularis aurae :

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
caelum, negata temptat iter uia
coetusque uulgaris et udam
spernit humum fugiente penna.

FRIEND ! with a poor man's straits to fight
Let warfare teach thy stalwart boy :
Let him the Parthian's front annoy
With lance in rest, a dreaded knight :

Live in the field, inure his eye
To danger. From the foeman's wall
May the armed tyrant's dame, with all
Her damsels, gaze on him, and sigh,

' Dare not, in war unschooled, to rouse
Yon Lion—whom to touch is death,
To whom red Anger ever saith,
"*Slay and slay on*"—O prince, my spouse ! '

—Honoured and blest the patriot dies ;
From death the recreant may not flee :
Death shall not spare the faltering knee
And coward back of him that flies.

Valour—unbeat, unsullied still—
Shines with pure lustre : all too great
To seize or drop the sword of state,
Swayed by a people's veering will.

Valour—to souls too great for death
Heav'n op'ning—treads the untrodden way :
And this dull world, this damp cold clay,
On wings of scorn, abandoneth.

est et fideli tuta silentio
merces : uetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
uulgarit arcanæ, sub isdem
sit trabibus fragilemue mecum

soluat phaselon. saepe Diespiter
neglectus incesto addidit integrum :
raro antecedentem scelestum
deseruit pede Poena claudo.

Odes iii. 2.

Metre, Alcaic.

—Let too the sealed lip honoured be.
The babbler, who'd the secrets tell
Of holy Ceres, shall not dwell
Where I dwell ; shall not launch with me
A shallop. Heaven full many a time
Hath with the unclean slain the just :
And halting-footed Vengeance must
O'ertake at last the steps of crime.

The Spring of Bandusia

O FONS Bandusiae splendidior uitro,
dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
cras donaberis haedo,
cui frons turgida cornibus

primis et uenerem et proelia destinat :
frustra, nam gelidos inficiet tibi
rubro sanguine riuos
lasciui suboles gregis.

te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
fessis uomere tauris
praebes et pecori uago.

fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
me dicente cauis impositam ilicem
saxis, unde loquaces
lympphae desiliunt tuae.

Odes iii. 13.

Metre, Fifth Asclepiad.

BANDUSIA, stainless mirror of the sky !
Thine is the flower-crown'd bowl, for thee shall
die,
When dawns yon sun, the kid ;
Whose horns, half-seen, half-hid,

Challenge to dalliance or to strife—in vain !
Soon must the darling of the herd be slain,
And those cold springs of thine
With blood incarnadine.

Fierce glows the Dogstar, but his fiery beam
Toucheth not thee : still grateful thy cool stream
To labour-wearied ox,
Or wanderer from the flocks :

And henceforth thou shalt be a royal fountain :
My harp shall tell how from yon cavernous moun-
tain,
Topt by the brown oak-tree,
Thou breakest babblingly.

The Age of Saturn

QVAM bene Saturno uiuebant rege, priusquam
tellus in longas est patefacta uias !
nondum caeruleas pinus contempserat undas,
effusum uentis prae bueratque sinum,
nec uagus ignotis repetens compendia terris
presserat externa nauita merce ratem.
illo non ualidus subiit iuga tempore taurus,
non domito frenos ore momordit equus,
non domus ulla fores habuit, non fixus in agris,
qui regeret certis finibus arua, lapis.
ipsae mella dabant quercus, ultroque ferebant
obuia securis ubera lactis oues.
non acies, non ira fuit, non tela nec ensem
immiti saeuus duxerat arte faber.
nunc Ioue sub domino caedes et uulnera semper.
nunc mare, nunc leti mille repente uiae.

i. 3. 35-50.

HOW blest was life in Saturn's reign of gold,
When earth was closed to man's exploring foot!
Unchallenged yet the purple billow rolled ;
No canvas swelled before the wind's pursuit.

No sailor steered for some uncharted strand,
Returning rich with deeply laden keel ;
No bull had bowed his neck to till the land ;
No horse was tamed the slavish bit to feel.

The home unguarded asked no jealous door,
No boundary stone confined the narrow field ;
The oaks poured forth unsought their honeyed store,
The ewes untended came their milk to yield.

Then war was not, nor battlefield, nor strife,
Before the smith had forged the cruel sword.
Now land and sea alike take toll of life ;
A thousand paths lead deathward—Jove is Lord !

Hylas

HIC erat Arganthi Pege sub uertice montis
grata domus Nymphis umida Thyniasin,
quam supra nullae pendebant debita curae
roscida desertis poma sub arboribus,
et circum irriguo surgebant lilia prato
candida purpureis mixta papaueribus.
quae modo decerpens tenero pueriliter ungui
proposito florem praetulit officio,
et modo formosis incumbens nescius undis
errorem blandis tardat imaginibus.
tandem haurire parat demissis flumina palmis
innixus dextro plena trahens umero.
cuius ut accensae Dryades candore puellae
miratae solitos destituere chōros,
prolapsum leuiter facili traxere liquore :
tum sonitum rapto corpore fecit Hylas.
cui procul Alcides iterat responsa, sed illi
nomen ab extremis fontibus aura refert.

i. 20. 33-50.

HERE bubbles out beneath Arganthus' top
A spring, wherein the Thynian nymphs
delight.

From boughs uncared for dewy apples drop,
And all around the watered meads are dight
With scarlet poppies and with lilies white.
Boy-like he recked not wherefore he was sent,
But culled with idle hand those garlands bright,
In artless wonder o'er the water bent,
And lingering long admired the charms that mirror
lent.

Then, stooping from the brink, he stretched his
hand
And leaned upon one arm his urn to fill.
At once his beauty charmed the Naiad band,
Who straight unlinked their dance and gazed,
until,
Just as the lad hung forward o'er the rill,
They drew him lightly through the yielding tide.
One call for help he gave ; then all was still.
Alcides far away in answer cried,
But faint from furthest springs the empty air
replied.

A Birthday Morning

MIRABAR quidnam misissent mane Camenae,
ante meum stantes sole rubente torum.
natalis nostrae signum misere puellae
et manibus faustos ter crepuere sonos.
transeat hic sine nube dies, stent aere uenti,
ponat et in sicco molliter unda minas.
aspiciam nullos hodierna luce dolentis :
et Niobae lacrimas supprimat ipse lapis :
alcyonum positis requiescant ora querelis,
inrepet absumptum nec sua mater Ityn.
tuque, o cara mihi, felicibus edita pennis,
surge et praesentis iusta precare deos.
ac primum pura somnum tibi discute lympha,
et nitidas presso pollice finge comas :
dein qua primum oculos cepisti ueste Properti
indue, nec uacuum flore relinque caput ;
et pete, qua polles, ut sit tibi forma perennis,
inque meum semper stent tua regna caput.

WHAT gift, I wondered, had the muses sent,
When o'er my bed at blush of dawn they bent.
They heralded the feast of Cynthia's birth,
And thrice they clapped their hands in sign of mirth.
This day nor wind nor cloud the sky shall fret ;
The shoreward wave shall all his wrath forget ;
This day no mourner shall offend mine eye ;
The stony Niobe her tears shall dry ;
The wailing halcyons shall forgo their pain,
And Procne shall not grieve for Itys slain.
Arise, my love, 'mid brightest omens born,
And with due orisons salute the morn.
First let cool water banish drowsiness,
Next with deft finger crisp each glowing tress,
Then don the robe that first enchanted me,
Nor let thy head without a garland be.
Beauty's thy sceptre ; let it ne'er decay,
So shall this heart for ever own thy sway.

On the Death of Tibullus

MEMNONA si mater, mater ploravit Achillem
et tangunt magnas tristia fata deas,
flebilis indignos, Elegeia, solue capillos !
a ! nimis ex uero nunc tibi nomen erit :
ille tui uates operis, tua fama, Tibullus
ardet in exstructo, corpus inane, rogo.
ecce, puer Veneris fert euersamque pharetram
et fractos arcus et sine luce facem ;
adspice, demissis ut eat miserabilis alis
pectoraque infesta tundat aperta manu ;
excipiunt lacrimas sparsi per colla capilli,
oraque singultu concutiente sonant :
fratris in Aeneae sic illum funere dicunt
egressum tectis, pulcher Iule, tuis ;
nec minus est confusa Venus moriente Tibullo
quam iuueni rupit cum ferus inguen aper.
at sacri uates et diuum cura uocamur ;
sunt etiam qui nos numen habere putent.
scilicet omne sacrum mors importuna profanat,
omnibus obscuras inicit illa manus !
quid pater Ismario, quid mater, profuit Orpheo ?
carmine quid uictas obstipuisse feras ?
' aelinon ' in siluis idem pater ' aelinon ! ' altis
dicitur inuita concinuisse lyra ;
adice Maeoniden, a quo ceu fonte perenni
uatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis ;
hunc quoque summa dies nigro submersit Auerno.
defugiunt auidos carmina sola rogos :

IF for Achilles, if for Memnon dead,
A mother's tears by eyes divine were shed,
Goddess of Elegy, let fall thy hair,
As mourners wont, and come, our sorrows share.
Lo ! turned to senseless clay Tibullus lies,
And with thy own sweet bard thy glory dies.
See Love, with torch extinguished, broken bow,
Quiver inverted, joins the train of woe.
Behold his grief, by drooping wings expressed,
How, with despairing hand he beats his breast ;
How the quick sobs his heaving bosom tear ;
How drop the tears on his dishevelled hair.
Not Venus' self was more distraught with pain
When by the boar her beauteous boy was slain.
They say we bards are Heaven's peculiar care,
A sacred race, and inspiration share.
But Death for sacred things shows scant respect
And lays his impious hands on Heaven's elect.
A Muse for mother, a celestial sire,
These saved not Orpheus, nor his magic lyre.
For him in grief his father's harp was strung,
And with his dirge the woodland echoes rung.
Great Homer, too, from whose deep fountain fed
The streams of song o'er poet souls are shed,
Sank to the shades when came the fatal hour ;
Verse, verse alone, defies the insatiate Power.

durat, opus uatum, Troiani fama laboris
tardaque nocturno tela retexta dolo.
sic Nemesis longum, sic Delia nomen habebunt,
altera cura recens, altera primus amor.
quid uos sacra iuuant? quid nunc Aegyptia prosunt
sistra? quid in uacuo secubuisse toro?
cum rapiunt mala fata bonos (ignoscite fasso!),
sollicitor nullos esse putare deos.
uiue pius : moriere ; pius cole sacra : colentem
mors grauis a templis in caua busta trahet ;
carminibus confide bonis : iacet, ecce, Tibullus ;
uix manet e toto parua quod urna capit.
tene, sacer uates, flammae rapuere rogales
pectoribus pasci nec timuere tuis?
aurea sanctorum potuissent templa deorum
urere, quae tantum sustinere nefas.
auertit uultus Erycis quae possidet arces :
sunt quoque qui lacrimas continuisse negant.
sed tamen hoc melius quam si Phaeacia tellus
ignotum uili supposuisset humo :
hinc certe grauidos fugientis pressit ocellos
mater et in cineres ultima dona tulit ;
hinc soror in partem misera cum matre doloris
uenit inornatas dilaniata comas,
cumque tuis sua iunxerunt Nemesisque priorque
oscula nec solos destituere rogos.
Delia descendens ‘ felicius ’ inquit ‘ amata
sum tibi : uixisti, dum tuus ignis eram.’
cui Nemesis ‘ quid ’ ait ‘ tibi sunt mea damna dolori?
me tenuit moriens deficiente manu.’

The tale of Troy for ever will delight
And the weird web unwoven in the night.
So will your names, bright pair, immortal prove
Nemesis his last, Delia his earliest love.
But what avail your rites, your timbrels now,
Or your chaste nights ? Has Isis heard your vow?
When cruel fate thus bears the good away,
Forgive me, gods, I almost cease to pray.
Be pious and you die : frequent the fanes,
Death drags you from the altar for your pains.
Dost thou, a poet, trust in lines that burn?
Lo ! great Tibullus lies in yon small urn.
And fire, O sacred Son of Song, could feast
On that sweet home of poesy, thy breast !
The flames that such a sacrilege could dare
Would not the majesty of temples spare.
The Queen of Beauty turned her from the sight,
'Tis said that she let fall some tears of light.
Yet was it better so to end, than lie
In common earth beneath an alien sky.
At least thy mother closed thy eyes and paid
Affection's last sad offerings to the shade.
Thy sister, too, in mourning took her turn,
And bent with drooping tresses o'er thy urn ;
Nor failed the two, once to thy heart so dear,
To stand together by their lover's bier.
Delia, as from thy corpse she parted, cried
' O hadst thou still been mine, thou hadst not died.'
' Claim not,' said Nemesis, ' the loss as thine,
Know that his dying hand was clasped in mine.'

si tamen e nobis aliquid nisi nomen et umbra
restat, in Elysia ualle Tibullus erit :
obuius huic uenias hedera iuuenalia cinctus
tempora cum Caluo, docte Catulle, tuo ;
tu quoque, si falsumst temerati crimen amici,
sanguinis atque animae prodige Galle tuae.
his comes umbra tuast ; siquast modo corporis
umbra,
auxisti numeros, culte Tibulle, pios.
ossa quieta, precor, tuta requiescite in urna,
et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo !

Amores iii. 9.

If aught is left but name or empty shade,
Tibullus rests in some Elysian glade,
Where, crowned with ivy, in their youthful bloom
To greet him, Calvus and Catullus come,
And Gallus, too (were friendship's wrong undone),
The poet-soldier who both laurels won.
Together there ye live, if life there be
In yonder realm, a sainted company.
Turn, then, Tibullus, to thy peaceful rest,
And may the earth lie light upon thy breast.

To Sleep

CRIMINE quo merui, iuuenis, placidissime
dium,
quoque errore miser, donis ut solus egerem,
Somne, tuis? tacet omne pecus uolucresque feraeque
et simulant fessos curuata cacumina somnos,
nec trucibus fluuiis idem sonus; occidit horror
aequoris, et terris maria acclinata quiescunt.
septima iam rediens Phoebe mihi respicit aegras
stare genas; totidem Oetaeae Paphiaeque reuisunt
lampades et totiens nostros Tithonia questus
praeterit et gelido parcit miserata flagello.
unde ego sufficiam? non si mihi lumina mille
quae uafers alterna tantum statione tenebat
Argus et haud umquam uigilabat corpore toto.
at nunc heu! si aliquis longa sub nocte puellae
bracchia nexa tenens ultro te, Somne, repellit,
inde ueni. nec te totas infundere pennas
luminibus compello meis (hoc turba precetur
laetior): extremo me tange cacumine uirgae
(sufficit) aut leuiter suspenso poplite transi.

Siluae v. 4.

WHAT sin was mine, sweet, silent boy-god,
Sleep,

Or what, poor sufferer, have I left undone,
That I should lack thy guerdon, I alone?

Quiet are the brawling streams: the shuddering
deep

Sinks, and the rounded mountains feign to sleep.
The high seas slumber pillowed on Earth's breast;
All flocks and birds and beasts are stilled in rest,
But my sad eyes their nightly vigil keep. . . .

O! if beneath the night some happier swain,
Entwined in loving arms, refuse thy boon
In wanton happiness,—come hither soon,
Come hither, Sleep. Let happier mortals gain
The full embrace of thy soft angel wing:
But touch me with thy wand, or hovering
Above mine eyelids sweep me with thy train.

The Old Yeoman

FELIX, qui propriis aeuum transegit in aruis,
ipsa domus puerum quem uidet, ipsa senem,
qui baculo nitens in qua reptauit harena
unius numerat saecula longa casae.
illum non uario traxit fortuna tumultu,
nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas.
non freta mercator tremuit, non classica miles,
non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.
indocilis rerum, uicinae nescius urbis,
adspectu fruitur liberiore poli.
frugibus alternis, non consule computat annum :
autumnum pomis, uer sibi flore notat.
idem condit ager soles idemque reducit,
metiturque suo rusticus orbe diem,
ingentem meminit paruo qui germine quercum
aequaueumque uidet consenuisse nemus,
proxima cui nigris Verona remotior Indis
Benacumque putat litora Rubra lacum.
sed tamen indomitae uires firmisque lacertis
aetas robustum tertia cernit auum.
erret et extremos alter scrutetur Hiberos :
plus habet hic uitae, plus habet ille uiae.

Carmina Minora xx.

BLEST who, content with what the country
yields,
Lives in his own hereditary fields ;
Who can with pleasure his past life behold,
Whose roof paternal saw him young and old ;
And, as he tells his long adventures o'er,
A stick supports him where he crawled before ;
Who ne'er was tempted from his farm to fly,
And drink new streams beneath a foreign sky :
No merchant, he, solicitous of gain,
Dreads not the storms that lash the sounding main :
Nor soldier, fears the summons to the war,
Nor the hoarse clamours of the noisy bar.
Unskilled in business, to the world unknown,
He ne'er beheld the next contiguous town.
Yet nobler objects to his view are given,
Fair flowery fields and star-embellished heaven.
He marks no change of consuls, but computes
Alternate consuls by alternate fruits ;
Maturing autumns store of apples bring,
And flowerets are the luxury of spring.
His farm that catches first the sun's bright ray
Sees the last lustre of his beams decay :
The passing hours erected columns show,
And are his landmarks and his dials too.
Yon spreading oak a little twig he knew,
And the whole grove in his remembrance grew.
Verona's walls remote as India seem,
Benacus is th' Arabian Gulph to him.
Yet health three ages lengthens out his span,
And grandsons hail the vigorous old man.
Let others vainly sail from shore to shore—
Their joys are fewer and their labours more.

The Parting of Hector and Andromache

Η ῥα γυνὴ ταμὶν, ὃ δ' ἀπέσσυτο δώματος Ἐκτώρ
 τὴν αὐτὴν ὁδὸν αὐτὶς εὐκτιμέναις κατ' ἀγυίας.
 εὔτε πύλας ἴκανε διερχόμενος μέγα ἄστν
 Σκαιάς, τῇ ἄρ' ἔμελλε διεξιμέναι πεδίονδε,
 ἐνθ' ἄλοχος πολυῦδρος ἐναντίῃ ἦλθε θεούσα
 Ἀνδρομάχη, θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος Ἡετίωνος,
 Ἡετίων, ὃς ἔναιεν ὑπὸ Πλάκῳ ὑλήεσση,
 Θήβῃ Ὑποπλακίῃ, Κιλίκεσσ' ἀνδρεσσιν ἀνάσσω·
 τοῦ περ δὴ θυγάτηρ ἔχεθ' Ἐκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ.
 ἣ οἱ ἔπειτ' ἦντησ', ἅμα δ' ἀμφίπολος κίεν αὐτῇ
 παῖδ' ἐπὶ κόλπῳ ἔχουσ' ἀταλάφρονα, νήπιον αὐτῶς,
 Ἐκτορίδην ἀγαπητόν, ἀλίγκιον ἀστέρι καλῷ,
 τὸν ῥ' Ἐκτώρ καλέεσκε Σκαμάνδριον, αὐτὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι
 Ἀστυάνακτ'· οἷος γὰρ ἐρύετο Ἴλιον Ἐκτώρ.
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν μεῖδῃσεν ἰδὼν ἐς παῖδα σιωπῇ·
 Ἀνδρομάχῃ δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρίστατο δάκρυ χέουσα,
 ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·
 “δαιμόνιε, φθίσει σε τὸ σὸν μένος, οὐδ' ἐλεαίρεις
 παῖδά τε νηπίαχον καὶ ἔμ' ἄμμορον, ἣ τάχα χήρῃ
 σεῦ ἔσομαι· τάχα γάρ σε κατακτανέουσιν Ἀχαιοὶ
 πάντες ἐφορμηθέντες· ἐμοὶ δέ κε κέρδιον εἶη
 σεῦ ἀφαμαρτούσῃ χθόνα δύμεναι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἄλλη
 ἔσται θαλπωρὴ, ἐπεὶ ἂν σύ γε πότμον ἐπίσπης,
 ἀλλ' ἄχε'· οὐδέ μοι ἔστι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.
 ἦτοι γὰρ πατέρ' ἀμὸν ἀπέκτανε διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς,
 ἐκ δὲ πόλιν πέρσεν Κιλίκων εὖ ναιετάουσιν,
 Θήβην ὑψίπυλον· κατὰ δ' ἔκτανεν Ἡετίωνα,

SO spoke the ancient dame ; and Hector straight
Through the wide streets his rapid steps retrac'd.
But when at last the mighty city's length
Was travers'd, and the Scaean gates were reach'd
Whence was the outlet to the plain, in haste
Running to meet him came his priceless wife,
Eëtion's daughter, fair Andromache ;
Eëtion, who from Thebes Cilicia sway'd,
Thebes, at the foot of Placos' wooded heights.
His child to Hector of the brazen helm
Was giv'n in marriage : she it was who now
Met him, and by her side the nurse, who bore,
Clasp'd to her breast, his all unconscious child,
Hector's lov'd infant, fair as morning star ;
Whom Hector call'd Scamandrius, but the rest
Astyanax, in honour of his sire,
The matchless chief, the only prop of Troy.
Silent he smil'd as on his boy he gaz'd :
But at his side Andromache, in tears,
Hung on his arm, and thus the chief address'd :
 'Dear Lord, thy dauntless spirit will work thy
 doom :
Nor hast thou pity on this thy helpless child,
Or me forlorn, to be thy widow soon :
For thee will all the Greeks with force combin'd
Assail and slay : for me, 'twere better far,
Of thee bereft, to lie beneath the sod ;
Nor comfort shall be mine, if thou be lost,
But endless grief ; to me nor sire is left,
Nor honour'd mother ; fell Achilles' hand
My sire Eëtion slew, what time his arms
The populous city of Cilicia raz'd,

οὐδέ μιν ἐξενάριξε, σεβάσσατο γὰρ τό γε θυμῷ,
 ἀλλ' ἄρα μιν κατέκχη σὺν ἔντεσι δαιδαλέοισιν
 ἥδ' ἐπὶ σῆμ' ἔχεεν· περὶ δὲ πτελέας ἐφύτευσαν
 νύμφαι ὄρεστιάδες, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.
 οἱ δέ μοι ἐπτὰ κασίγνητοι ἔσαν ἐν μεγάροισιν,
 οἱ μὲν πάντες ἰῶ κίον ἡματι Ἄϊδος εἴσω·
 πάντας γὰρ κατέπεφνε ποδάρκης διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς
 βουσὶν ἐπ' εἰλιπόδεσσι καὶ ἀργενῆς ὄϊεσσι.
 μητέρα δ', ἣ βασίλευεν ὑπὸ Πλάκῳ ὑλήεσση,
 τὴν ἐπεὶ ἄρ' δεῦρ' ἤγαγ' ἅμ' ἄλλοισι κτεάτεσσιν,
 ἅψ' ὅ γε τὴν ἀπέλυσε λαβὼν ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,
 πατρὸς δ' ἐν μεγάροισι βάλ' Ἀρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα.
 Ἔκτορ, ἀτὰρ σύ μοι ἔσσι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
 ἥδ' ἐ κασίγνητος, σὺ δέ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης·
 ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐλέαιρε καὶ αὐτοῦ μίμν' ἐπὶ πύργῳ,
 μὴ παῖδ' ὄρφανικὸν θήῃς χήρην τε γυναῖκα·
 λαὸν δὲ στῆσον παρ' ἐρινεόν, ἔνθα μάλιστα
 ἀμβατός ἐστι πόλις καὶ ἐπιδρομον ἔπλετο τεῖχος.
 τρὶς γὰρ τῇ γ' ἐλθόντες ἐπειρήσανθ' οἱ ἄριστοι
 ἀμφ' Αἴαντε δῶα καὶ ἀγακλυτὸν Ἰδομενῆα
 ἥδ' ἀμφ' Ἀτρεΐδης καὶ Τυδέος ἄλκιμον υἱόν·
 ἥ πού τίς σφιν ἔνισπε θεοπροπίων ἐὺ εἰδώς,
 ἥ νυ καὶ αὐτῶν θυμὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει.”

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαῖολος Ἔκτωρ·
 “ἦ καὶ ἐμοὶ τάδε πάντα μέλει, γύναι· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
 αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρῳάδας ἐλκεσιπέπλους,
 αἶ' κε κακὸς ὥς νόσφιν ἀλυσκάζω πολέμοιο·
 οὐδέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν, ἐπεὶ μάθον ἔμμεναι ἐσθλὸς
 αἰεὶ καὶ πρῶτοισι μετὰ Τρῳέεσσι μάχεσθαι,

The lofty-gated Thebes ; he slew indeed,
 But stripp'd him not ; he reverenc'd the dead ;
 And o'er his body, with his armour burnt,
 A mound erected ; and the mountain nymphs,
 The progeny of aegis-bearing Jove,
 Planted around his tomb a grove of elms.
 There were sev'n brethren in my father's house ;
 All in one day they fell, amid their herds
 And fleecy flocks, by fierce Achilles' hand.
 My mother, Queen of Placos' wooded height,
 Brought with the captives here, he soon releas'd
 For costly ransom ; but by Dian's shafts
 She, in her father's house, was stricken down.
 But, Hector, thou to me art all in one,
 Sire, mother, brethren ! thou, my wedded love !
 Then pitying us, within the tow'r remain,
 Nor make thy child an orphan, and thy wife
 A hapless widow ; by the fig-tree here
 Array thy troops ; for here the city wall,
 Easiest of access, most invites assault.
 Thrice have their boldest chiefs this point assail'd,
 The two Ajaces, brave Idomeneus,
 Th' Atridae both, and Tydeus' warlike son,
 Or by the prompting of some Heav'n-taught seer,
 Or by their own advent'rous courage led.'

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm :
 'Think not, dear wife, that by such thoughts as
 these

My heart has ne'er been wrung ; but I should blush
 To face the men and long-rob'd dames of Troy,
 If, like a coward, I could shun the fight.
 Nor could my soul the lessons of my youth
 So far forget, whose boast it still has been
 In the fore-front of battle to be found,

ἀρνύμενος πατρός τε μέγα κλέος ἦδ' ἐμὸν αὐτοῦ.
 εὖ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόδε οἶδα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν·
 ἔσσεται ἡμαρ ὅτ' ἄν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱρή
 καὶ Πριάμος καὶ λαὸς ἐϋμμελίῳ Πριάμοιο.
 ἀλλ' οὐ μοι Τρώων τοσσον μέλει ἄλγος ὀπίσσω,
 οὔτ' αὐτῆς Ἑκάβης οὔτε Πριάμοιο ἀνακτος
 οὔτε κασιγνήτων, οἳ κεν πολέες τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ
 ἐν κονίῃσι πέσοιεν ὑπ' ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσιν,
 ὅσσον σεῦ, ὅτε κέν τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
 δακρυόεσσαν ἄγῃται, ἐλεύθερον ἡμαρ ἀπούρας·
 καί κεν ἐν Ἀργεὶ ἐοῦσα πρὸς ἄλλης ἱστὸν ὑφαίνοις,
 καί κεν ὕδωρ φορέοις Μεσσηϊδὸς ἢ Ὑπερείης
 πόλλ' ἀεκαζομένη, κρατερὴ δ' ἐπικείσεται ἀνάγκη
 καὶ ποτέ τις εἴπῃσιν ἰδὼν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσας·
 "Ἐκτορος ἦδε γυνή, ὅς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι
 Τρώων ἵπποδάμων, ὅτε Ἴλιον ἀμφεμάχοντο,
 ὥς ποτέ τις ἐρέει· σοὶ δ' αὖ νέον ἔσσεται ἄλγος
 χήτεϊ τοιούδ' ἀνδρὸς ἀμύνειν δούλιον ἡμαρ.
 ἀλλὰ με τεθνηῶτα χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτει,
 πρὶν γέ τι σῆς τε βοῆς σοῦ θ' ἐλκηθμοῖο πυθέσθαι."
 ὣς εἰπὼν οὗ παιδὸς ὀρέξατο φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ·
 αἶψ' δ' ὁ πᾶις πρὸς κόλπον ἐϋζώνοιο τιθήνης
 ἐκλίνθη ἰάχων, πατὸς φίλου ὅψιν ἀτυχθεὶς,
 ταρβήσας χαλκὸν τε ἰδὲ λόφον ἵππιοχαίτην,
 δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νεύοντα νούσας.
 ἐκ δὲ γέλασσε πατήρ τε φίλος καὶ πότνια μήτηρ·
 αὐτίκ' ἀπὸ κρατὸς κόρυθ' εἴλετο φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ,
 καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέθηκεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ παμφανώωσαν·
 αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ὃν φίλον υἱὸν ἐπεὶ κύσε πῆλὲ τε χερσίν,

Charg'd with my father's glory and mine own.
 Yet in my inmost soul too well I know,
 The day must come when this our sacred Troy,
 And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self,
 Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown.
 But not the thoughts of Troy's impending fate,
 Nor Hecuba's nor royal Priam's woes,
 Nor loss of brethren, numerous and brave,
 By hostile hands laid prostrate in the dust,
 So deeply wring my heart as thoughts of thee,
 Thy days of freedom lost, and led away
 A weeping captive by some brass-clad Greek ;
 Haply in Argos, at a mistress' beck,
 Condemn'd to ply the loom, or water draw
 From Hypereia's or Messëis' fount,
 Heart-wrung, by stern necessity constrain'd.
 Then they who see thy tears perchance may say,
 "Lo ! this was Hector's wife, who, when they
 fought

On plains of Troy, was Ilium's bravest chief."
 Thus may they speak ; and thus thy grief renew
 For loss of him, who might have been thy shield
 To rescue thee from slav'ry's bitter hour.
 Oh may I sleep in dust, ere be condemn'd
 To hear thy cries, and see thee dragg'd away ! '

Thus as he spoke, great Hector stretch'd his arms
 To take his child ; but back the infant shrank,
 Crying, and sought his nurse's shelt'ring breast,
 Scar'd by the brazen helm and horse-hair plume,
 That nodded, fearful, on the warrior's crest.
 Laugh'd the fond parents both, and from his brow
 Hector the casque remov'd, and set it down,
 All glitt'ring, on the ground ; then kiss'd his child,
 And danc'd him in his arms ; then thus to Jove

εἶπε δ' ἐπενξάμενος Διί τ' ἄλλοισιν τε θεοῖσι·
 “Ζεῦ ἄλλοι τε θεοί, δότε δὴ καὶ τόνδε γενέσθαι
 παῖδ' ἐμόν, ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ περ, ἀριπρεπέα Τρῶεσσιν,
 ὧδε βίην τ' ἀγαθόν, καὶ Ἰλίου ἱφί ἀνάσσειν·
 καὶ ποτέ τις εἴποι ‘πατρός γ' ὅδε πολλὸν ἀμείνων’
 ἐκ πολέμου ἀνιόντα· φέροι δ' ἕναρα βροτόεντα
 κτείνας δῆϊον ἄνδρα, χαρεῖν δὲ φρένα μήτηρ.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀλόχοιο φίλης ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκε
 παῖδ' ἐόν· ἢ δ' ἄρα μιν κηῶδεϊ δέξατο κόλπῳ
 δακρυόεν γελάσασα· πόσις δ' ἐλέησε νοήσας,
 χειρὶ τέ μιν κατέρεξεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·
 “δαιμονίη, μή μοί τι λήν ἀκαχίζεο θυμῷ·
 οὐ γὰρ τίς μ' ὑπὲρ αἴσαν ἀνὴρ Ἀἰδὶ προΐαψαι·
 μοῖραν δ' οὐ τινά φημι πεφυγμένον ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν,
 οὐ κακόν, οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλόν, ἐπὴν τὰ πρῶτα γένηται.
 ἀλλ' εἰς οἶκον ἰοῦσα τὰ σ' αὐτῆς ἔργα κόμιζε,
 ἱστόν τ' ἡλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κέλευε
 ἔργον ἐποίχεσθαι· πόλεμος δ' ἀνδρεσσι μελήσει·
 πᾶσι, μάλιστα δ' ἐμοί, τοὶ Ἰλίῳ ἐγγεγάασιν.”

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας κόρυθ' εἵλετο φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ
 ἵππουριν· ἄλοχος δὲ φίλῃ οἰκόνδε βεβήκει
 ἐντροπαλιζομένη, θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα.
 αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἴκανε δόμους εὖ ναιοτάοντας
 “Ἐκτορος ἀνδροφόνιοι, κιχήσατο δ' ἐνδοθὶ πολλὰς
 ἀμφιπόλους, τῇσιν δὲ γόον πάσῃσιν ἐνῶρσεν.
 αἱ μὲν ἔτι ζῶν γόον Ἐκτορα ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ·
 οὐ γάρ μιν ἔτ' ἔφαντο ὑπότροπον ἐκ πολέμοιο
 ἵζεσθαι, προφυγόντα μένος καὶ χεῖρας Ἀχαιῶν.

And to th' Immortals all address'd his pray'r :
' Grant, Jove, and all ye Gods, that this my son
May be, as I, the foremost man of Troy,
For valour fam'd, his country's guardian King ;
That men may say, " This youth surpasses far
His father," when they see him from the fight,
From slaughter'd foes, with bloody spoils of war
Returning, to rejoice his mother's heart ! '

Thus saying, in his mother's arms he plac'd
His child ; she to her fragrant bosom clasp'd,
Smiling through tears ; with eyes of pitying love
Hector beheld, and press'd her hand, and thus
Address'd her—' Dearest, wring not thus my heart !
For till my day of destiny is come,
No man may take my life ; and when it comes,
Nor brave nor coward can escape that day.
But go thou home, and ply thy household cares,
The loom and distaff, and appoint thy maids
Their sev'ral tasks ; and leave to men of Troy
And, chief of all to me, the toils of war.'
Thus as he spoke, his horsehair-plumèd helm
Great Hector took ; and homeward turn'd his wife
With falt'ring steps, and shedding scalding tears.
Arriv'd at valiant Hector's well-built house,
Her maidens press'd around her ; and in all
Arose at once the sympathetic grief.
For Hector, yet alive, his household mourn'd,
Deeming he never would again return,
Safe from the fight, by Grecian hands unharm'd.

Salamis

Ἦρξεν μὲν, ᾧ δέσποινα, τοῦ παντὸς κακοῦ
 φανείς ἀλάστωρ ἢ κακὸς δαίμων ποθέν.
 ἀνὴρ γὰρ Ἕλλην ἐξ Ἀθηναίων στρατοῦ
 ἐλθὼν ἔλεξε παιδὶ σῶ Ξέρξῃ τάδε,
 ὥς εἰ μελαίνης νυκτὸς ἵξεται κνέφας,
 Ἕλληνες οὐ μενοῖεν, ἀλλὰ σέλμασιν
 ναῶν ἐπενθορόντες ἄλλος ἄλλοσε
 δρασμῶ κρυφαίῳ βίοτον ἐκωσοῖατο.
 ὁ δ' εὐθύς ὥς ἤκουσεν, οὐ ξυνεῖς δόλον
 Ἕλληνος ἀνδρὸς οὐδὲ τὸν θεῶν φθόνον,
 πᾶσιν προφωνεῖ τόνδε ναυάρχους λόγον,
 εὔτ' ἂν φλέγων ἀκτῖσιν ἥλιος χθόνα
 λήξῃ, κνέφας δὲ τέμενος αἰθέρος λάβῃ,
 τάξαι νεῶν μὲν στῖφος ἐν στοίχοις τρισὶν
 ἔκπλους φυλάσσειν καὶ πόρους ἀλιρρόθους,
 ἄλλας δὲ κύκλῳ νῆσον Αἴαντος πέριξ·
 ὥς εἰ μόρον φευξοίαθ' Ἕλληνες κακόν,
 ναυσὶν κρυφαίως δρασμὸν εὐρόντες τινά,
 πᾶσιν στέρεσθαι κρατὸς ἦν προκείμενον.
 τοσαῦτ' ἔλεξε κάρθ' ὑπ' εὐθύμου φρενός·
 οὐ γὰρ τὸ μέλλον ἐκ θεῶν ἠπίστατο.
 οἱ δ' οὐκ ἀκόσμως, ἀλλὰ πειθάρχῳ φρενὶ
 δεῖπνόν τ' ἐπορσύνοντο, ναυβάτης τ' ἀνὴρ
 τροποῦτο κώπην σκαλμὸν ἀμφ' εὐήρετμον.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ φέγγος ἡλίου κατέφθιτο
 καὶ νύξ ἐπῄει, πᾶς ἀνὴρ κώπης ἀναξ

O QUEEN, our whole disaster thus befell,
Through intervention of some fiend or fate—
I know not what—that had ill-will to us.
From the Athenian host some Greek came o'er,
To thy son Xerxes whispering this tale—
*Once let the gloom of night have gathered in,
The Greeks will tarry not, but swiftly spring
Each to his galley-bench, in furtive flight,
Softly contriving safety for their life.*
Thy son believed the word and missed the craft
Of that Greek foeman, and the spite of Heaven,
And straight to all his captains gave this charge—
*As soon as sunlight warms the ground no more,
And gloom enwraps the sanctuary of sky,
Range we our fleet in triple serried lines
To bar the passage from the seething strait,
This way and that : let other ships surround
The isle of Ajax, with this warning word—
That if the Greeks their jeopardy should scape
By wary craft, and win their ships a road,
Each Persian captain shall his failure pay
By forfeit of his head.* So spake the king,
Inspired at heart with over-confidence,
Unwitting of the gods' predestined will.
Thereon our crews, with no disordered haste,
Did service to his bidding and purveyed
The meal of afternoon : each rower then
Over the fitted rowlock looped his oar.
Then, when the splendour of the sun had set,
And night drew on, each master of the oar

ἐς ναῦν ἐχώρει πᾶς θ' ὅπλων ἐπιστάτης·
 τάξις δὲ τάξιν παρεκάλει νεὼς μακρᾶς·
 πλέουσι δ' ὡς ἕκαστος ἦν τεταγμένος,
 καὶ πάννυχτοι δὴ διάπλοον καθίστασαν
 ναῶν ἄνακτες πάντα ναυτικὸν λεών·
 καὶ νῦξ ἐχώρει, κοῦ μάλ' Ἑλλήνων στρατὸς
 κρυφαῖον ἔκπλουν οὐδαμῇ καθίστατο·
 ἐπεὶ γε μέντοι λευκόπῳλος ἡμέρα
 πᾶσαν κατέσχε γαῖαν εὐφεγγῆς ἰδεῖν,
 πρῶτον μὲν ἡχῇ κέλαδος Ἑλλήνων πάρα
 μολπηδὸν ἠυφήμησεν, ὄρθιον δ' ἅμα
 ἀντηλάλαξε νησιώτιδος πέτρας
 ἡχώ· φόβος δὲ πᾶσι βαρβάροις παρῆν
 γνώμης ἀποσφαλεῖσιν· οὐ γὰρ ὡς φυγῇ
 παιᾶν' ἐφύμνουν σεμνὸν Ἕλληνες τότε,
 ἀλλ' ἐς μάχην ὁρμῶντες εὐψύχῳ θράσει·
 σάλπιγξ δ' αὐτῇ πάντ' ἐκεῖν' ἐπέφλεγεν.
 εὐθύς δὲ κώπης ῥοθιάδος ξυμεμβολῇ
 ἔπαισαν ἄλμην βρύχιον ἐκ κελεύματος,
 θοῶς δὲ πάντες ἦσαν ἐκφανεῖς ἰδεῖν.
 τὸ δεξιὸν μὲν πρῶτον εὐτάκτως κέρας
 ἡγεῖτο κόσμῳ, δεύτερον δ' ὁ πᾶς στόλος
 ἐπεξεχώρει, καὶ παρῆν ὁμοῦ κλύειν
 πολλὴν βοήν, ὧ παιδες Ἑλλήνων ἴτε,
 ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ
 παιδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τε πατρώων ἔδη,
 θήκας τε προγόνων· νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγών·
 καὶ μὴν παρ' ἡμῶν Περσίδος γλώσσης ῥόθος
 ὑπηντίαζε, κοῦκέτ' ἦν μέλλειν ἀκμή.

And each armed warrior straightway went aboard.
Forward the long ships moved, rank cheering rank,
Each forward set upon its ordered course.
And all night long the captains of the fleet
Kept their crews moving up and down the
 strait.

So the night waned, and not one Grecian ship
Made effort to elude and slip away.

But as dawn came and with her coursers white
Shone in fair radiance over all the earth,
First from the Grecian fleet rang out a cry,
A song of onset ! and the island crags
Re-echoed to the shrill exulting sound.

Then on us Eastern men amazement fell
And fear in place of hope ; for what we heard
Was not a call to flight ! the Greeks rang out
Their holy, resolute, exulting chant,
Like men come forth to dare and do and die !
Their trumpets pealed, and fire was in that
 sound,

And with the dash of simultaneous oars
Replying to the war-chant, on they came,
Smiting the swirling brine, and in a trice
They flashed upon the vision of the foe !
The right wing first in orderly advance
Came on, a steady column ; following then,
The rest of their array moved out and on,
And to our ears there came a burst of sound,
A clamour manifold.—*On, sons of Greece !*

*On for your country's freedom ! strike to save
Wives, children, temples of ancestral gods,
Graves of your fathers ! now is all at stake.*

Then from our side swelled up the mingled din
Of Persian tongues, and time brooked no delay—

εὐθὺς δὲ ναῦς ἐν νηὶ χαλκήρῃ στόλον
 ἔπαισεν· ἤρξε δ' ἐμβολῆς Ἑλληνικῇ
 ναῦς, κάπιθραύει πάντα Φοινίσσης νεὼς
 κόρυμβ', ἐπ' ἄλλην δ' ἄλλος ἠΰθυνεν δόρυ.
 τὰ πρῶτα μὲν νῦν ῥεῦμα Περσικοῦ στρατοῦ
 ἀντεῖχεν· ὥς δὲ πλῆθος ἐν στενῷ νεῶν
 ἤθροιστ', ἀρωγὴ δ' οὔτις ἀλλήλοισι παρῆν,
 αὐτοὶ θ' ὑφ' αὐτῶν ἐμβόλοις χαλκοστόμοις
 παίοντ', ἔθραυον πάντα κωπήρῃ στόλον,
 Ἑλληνικαὶ τε νῆες οὐκ ἀφρασμόνως
 κύκλῳ πέριξ ἔθεινον, ὑπτιοῦτο δὲ
 σκάφη νεῶν, θάλασσα δ' οὐκέτ' ἦν ἰδεῖν,
 ναυαγίων πλήθουσα καὶ φόνου βροτῶν.
 ἀκταὶ δὲ νεκρῶν χοιράδες τ' ἐπλήθουν,
 φυγῇ δ' ἀκόσμῳ πᾶσα ναῦς ἠρέσσετο,
 ὅσαι περ ἦσαν βαρβάρου στρατεύματος.
 τοὶ δ' ὥστε θύννους ἢ τιν' ἰχθύων βόλον
 ἀγαῖσι κωπῶν θραύμασιν τ' ἐρειπίων
 ἔπαιον, ἐρράχιζον· οἰμωγὴ δ' ὁμοῦ
 κωκύμασιν κατεῖχε πελαγίαν ἅλα,
 ἕως κελαινῆς νυκτὸς ὅμῳ ἀφείλετο.
 κακῶν δὲ πλῆθος, οὐδ' ἂν εἰ δέκ' ἤματα
 στοιχηγοροίην, οὐκ ἂν ἐκπλήσαιμί σοι.
 εὔ γάρ τόδ' ἴσθι, μηδ' ἀμ' ἡμέρᾳ μιᾷ
 πλῆθος τοσουτάριθμον ἀνθρώπων θανεῖν.

Ship into ship drave hard its brazen beak
With speed of thought, a shattering blow ! and first
One Grecian bark plunged straight, and sheared
away

Bowsprit and stem of a Phoenician ship,
And then each galley on some other's prow
Came crashing in. Awhile our stream of ships
Held onward, till within the narrowing creek
Our jostling vessels were together driven,
And none could aid another : each on each
Drave hard their brazen beaks, or brake away
The oar-banks of each other, stem to stern,
While the Greek galleys, with no lack of skill,
Hemmed them and battered in their sides, and soon
The hulls rolled over, and the sea was hid,
Crowded with wrecks and butchery of men.
No beach nor reef but was with corpses strewn,
And every keel of our barbarian host
Hurried to flee, in utter disarray.

Thereon the foe closed in upon the wrecks
And hacked and hewed, with oars and splintered
planks,

As fishermen hack tunnies or a cast
Of netted dolphins, and the briny sea
Rang with the screams and shrieks of dying men,
Until the night's dark aspect hid the scene.
Had I a ten days' time to sum that count
Of carnage, 'twere too little ! know this well—
One day ne'er saw such myriad forms of death !

Psyttaleia

Νῆσός τις ἐστὶ πρόσθε Σαλαμῖνος τόπων,
 βαιά, δύσορμος ναυσίν, ἣν ὁ φιλόχορος
 Πὰν ἐμβατεύει, ποντίας ἀκτῆς ἔπι.
 ἐνταῦθα πέμπει ταύσδ', ὅπως, ὅταν νεῶν
 φθαρέντες ἐχθροὶ νῆσον ἐκσφῶζοίατο,
 κτείνοιεν εὐχεΐρωτον Ἑλλήνων στρατόν,
 φίλους δ' ὑπεκσῶζοιεν ἐναλίων πόρων,
 κακῶς τὸ μέλλον ἱστορῶν. ὥς γὰρ θεὸς
 ναῶν ἔδωκε κῦδος Ἑλλησιν μάχης,
 αὐθημερὸν φράξαντες εὐχάλκοις δέμας
 ὅπλοισι ναῶν ἐξέθρῳσκον· ἀμφὶ δὲ
 κυκλοῦντο πᾶσαν νῆσον, ὥστ' ἀμηχανεῖν
 ὅποι τράποιντο. πολλὰ μὲν γὰρ ἐκ χερῶν
 πέτροισιν ἠράσσοντο, τοξικῆς τ' ἀπὸ
 θώμιγγος ἰοὶ προσπίτνυντες ὥλλυσαν·
 τέλος δ' ἐφορμηθέντες ἐξ ἑνὸς ῥόθου
 παίουσιν, κρεοκοποῦσιν δυστήνων μέλη,
 ἕως ἀπάντων ἐξαπέφθειραν βίον.
 Ξέρξης δ' ἀνῶμωξεν κακῶν ὁρῶν βάθος·
 ἔδραν γὰρ εἶχε παντὸς εὐαγῇ στρατοῦ,
 ὑψηλὸν ὄχθον ἄγχι πελαγίας ἁλός·
 ῥήξας δὲ πέπλους κἀνακωκύσας λιγύ,
 πεζῶ παραγγείλας ἄφαρ στρατεύματι,
 ἴησ' ἀκόσμῳ ξὺν φυγῇ. ταιάνδε σοι
 πρὸς τῇ πάρειθε συμφορὰν στένειν πάρα.

AN islet is there, fronting Salamis—
Strait, and with evil anchorage : thereon
Pan treads the measure of the dance he loves
Along the sea-beach. Thither the king sent
His noblest, that, whene'er the Grecian foe
Should 'scape, with shattered ships, unto the isle,
We might make easy prey of fugitives
And slay them there, and from the washing tides
Rescue our friends. It fell out otherwise
Than he divined, for when, by aid of Heaven,
The Hellenes held the victory on the sea,
Their sailors then and there begirt themselves
With brazen mail and bounded from their ships,
And then enringed the islet, point by point,
So that our Persians in bewilderment
Knew not which way to turn. On every side,
Battered with stones, they fell, while arrows flew
From many a string, and smote them to the death.
Then, at the last, with simultaneous rush
The foe came bursting on us, hacked and hewed
To fragments all that miserable band,
Till not a soul of them was left alive.
Then Xerxes saw disaster's depth, and shrieked,
From where he sat on high, surveying all—
A lofty eminence, beside the brine,
Whence all his armament lay clear in view.
His robe he rent, with loud and bitter wail,
And to his land-force swiftly gave command
And fled, with shame beside him ! Now, lament
That second woe, upon the first imposed !

Prometheus' Gifts to Men

Μή τοι χλιδῇ δοκεῖτε μῆδ' αὐθαδία
 σιγαῖν με· συννοία δὲ δάπτομαι κέαρ,
 ὁρῶν ἐμαυτὸν ὧδε προυσελούμενον.
 καίτοι θεοῖσι τοῖς νέοις τούτοις γέρα
 τίς ἄλλος ἢ ἡ γὼ παντελῶς διώρισεν;
 ἀλλ' αὐτὰ σιγῶ. καὶ γὰρ εἰδυῖαισιν ἂν
 ὑμῖν λέγοιμι· τὰν βροτοῖς δὲ πῆματα
 ἀκούσαθ', ὥς σφας νηπίους ὄντας τὸ πρὶν
 ἔννους ἔθηκα καὶ φρενῶν ἐπηβόλους.
 λέξω δέ, μέμψιν οὐτὶν' ἀνθρώποις ἔχων,
 ἀλλ' ὧν δέδωκ' εὐνοίαν ἐξηγούμενος·
 οἱ πρῶτα μὲν βλέποντες ἔβλεπον μάτην,
 κλύοντες οὐκ ἤκουον, ἀλλ' ὄνειράτων
 ἀλίγκιοι μορφαῖσι τὸν μακρὸν βίον
 ἔφυρον εἰκῇ πάντα, κοῦτε πλινθυφεῖς
 δόμους προσείλους ᾗσαν, οὐ ξυλουργίαν·
 κατῶρυχες δ' ἔναιον ὥστ' ἀήσυροι
 μύρμηκες ἄντρων ἐν μυχοῖς ἀνηλίοις.
 ᾗν δ' οὐδὲν αὐτοῖς οὔτε χείματος τέκμαρ
 οὔτ' ἀνθεμῶδους ἥρος οὔτε καρπίμου
 θέρους βέβαιον, ἀλλ' ἄτερ γνώμης τὸ πᾶν
 ἔπρασσον, ἔστε δὴ σφιν ἀντολὰς ἐγὼ
 ἄστρον ἔδειξα τάς τε δυσκρίτους δύσεις.
 καὶ μὲν ἀριθμόν, ἔξοχον σοφισμάτων,
 ἐξηῦρον αὐτοῖς, γραμμάτων τε συνθέσεις,
 μνήμην θ' ἀπάντων, μουσομήτορ' ἐργάνην.
 κᾶζευξα πρῶτος ἐν ζυγοῖσι κνώδαλα

DEEM not that I in pride or wilful scorn
Restrain my speech ; 'tis wistful memory
That rends my heart, when I behold myself
Abased to wretchedness. To these new gods
I and none other gave their lots of power
In full attainment ; no more words hereof
I speak—the tale ye know. But listen now
Unto the rede of mortals and their woes,
And how their childish and unreasoning state
Was changed by me to consciousness and thought.
Yet not in blame of mortals will I speak,
But as in proof of service wrought to them.
For, in the outset, eyes they had and saw not ;
And ears they had but heard not ; age on age,
Like unsubstantial shapes in vision seen,
They groped at random in the world of sense,
Nor knew to link their building, brick with brick,
Nor how to turn its aspect to the sun,
Nor how to join the beams by carpentry.
In hollowed caves they dwelt, as emmets dwell,
Weak feathers for each blast, in sunless caves.
Nor had they certain forecast of the cold,
Nor of the advent of the flowery spring,
Nor of the fruitful summer. All they wrought,
Unreasoning they wrought, till I made clear
The laws of rising stars, and inference dim,
More hard to learn, of what their setting showed.
I taught to them withal that art of arts,
The lore of number, and the written word
That giveth sense to sound, the tool wherewith
The gift of memory was wrought in all,
And so came art and song. I too was first

ζεύγλαισι δουλεύοντα σάγμασίν θ', ὅπως
θνητοῖς μεγίστων διάδοχοι μοχθημάτων
γένεινθ', ὑφ' ἄρμα τ' ἤγαγον φιληνίους
ἵππους, ἄγαλμα τῆς ὑπερπλούτου χλιδῆς.
θαλασσόπλαγκτα δ' οὔτις ἄλλος ἀντ' ἐμοῦ
λινόπτερ' ἤϊρε ναυτίλων ὀχήματα.
τοιαῦτα μηχανήματ' ἐξευρὼν τάλας
βροτοῖσιν, αὐτὸς οὐκ ἔχω σόφισμ' ὅτῳ
τῆς νῦν παρούσης πημονῆς ἀπαλλαγῶ.

Prometheus Bound 436-71.

To harness 'neath the yoke strong animals,
Obedient made to collar and to weight,
That they might bear whate'er of heaviest toil
Mortals endured before. For chariots too
I trained, and docile service of the rein,
Steeds, the delight of wealth and pomp and pride.
I too, none other, for seafarers wrought
Their ocean-roaming canvas-wingèd cars.
Such arts of craft did I, unhappy I,
Contrive for mortals : now, no feint I have
Whereby I may elude my present woe.

The Storm at Sea

Εὐφημον ἤμαρ οὐ πρόπει κακαγγέλῳ
 γλώσση μιάινειν· χωρὶς ἡ τιμὴ θεῶν.
 ὅταν δ' ἀπευκτὰ πῆματ' ἄγγελος πόλει
 στυγνῶ προσώπῳ πτωσίμου στρατοῦ φέρῃ,
 πόλει μὲν ἕλκος ἐν τὸ δῆμιον τυχεῖν,
 πολλοὺς δὲ πολλῶν ἐξαγισθέντας δόμων
 ἄνδρας διπλῇ μάστιγι, τὴν Ἀρης φιλεῖ,
 δίλογχον ἄτην, φοινίαν ξυνωρίδα·
 τοιῶνδε μέντοι πημάτων σεσαγμένον
 πρόπει λέγειν παιᾶνα τόνδ' Ἐρινύων.
 σωτηρίων δὲ πραγμάτων εὐάγγελον
 ἦκοντα πρὸς χαίρουσαν εὐεστοῖ πόλιν,
 πῶς κεδνὰ τοῖς κακοῖσι συμμίξω, λέγων
 χειμῶν Ἀχαιοῖς οὐκ ἀμήνιτον θεῶν;
 ξυνώμοσαν γάρ, ὄντες ἔχθιστοι τὸ πρίν,
 πῦρ καὶ θάλασσα, καὶ τὰ πίστ' ἐδειξάτην
 φθείροντε τὸν δύστηνον Ἀργείων στρατόν.
 ἐν νυκτὶ δυσκύμαντα δ' ὠρώρει κακά
 ναῦς γὰρ πρὸς ἀλλήλαισι Θρήκiai πνοαὶ
 ἤρεικον· αἱ δὲ κέροτυπούμεναι βία
 χειμῶνι τυφῶ σὺν ζάλῃ τ' ὀμβροκτύπῳ,
 ᾤχοντ' ἄφαντοι, ποιμένος κακοῦ στρόβῳ.
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἀνῆλθε λαμπρὸν ἡλίου φάος,
 ὁρῶμεν ἀνθοῦν πέλαγος Αἰγαῖον νεκροῖς
 ἀνδρῶν Ἀχαιῶν ναυτικοῖς τ' ἐρειπίοις.

IT likes me not, a day of presage high
With dolorous tongue to stain. Those twain, I
vow,
Stand best apart. When one with shuddering
brow,
From armies lost, back beareth to his home
Word that the terror of her prayers is come ;
One wound in her great heart, and many a fate
For many a home of men cast out to sate
The two-fold scourge that worketh Ares' lust,
Spear crossed with spear, dust wed with bloody
dust ;
Who walketh laden with such weight of wrong,
Why, let him, if he will, uplift the song
That is Hell's triumph. But to come as I
Am now come, laden with deliverance high,
Home to a land of peace and laughing eyes,
And mar all with that fury of the skies
Which made our Greeks curse God—how should
this be?

Two enemies most ancient, Fire and Sea,
A sudden friendship swore, and proved their plight
By war on us poor sailors through that night
Of misery, when the horror of the wave
Towered over us, and winds from Strymon drave
Hull against hull, till good ships, by the horn
Of the mad whirlwind gored and overborne,
One here, one there, 'mid rain and blinding spray,
Like sheep by a devil herded, passed away.
And when the blessed Sun upraised his head,
We saw the Aegean waste a-foam with dead,
Dead men, dead ships, and spars disasterful.

ἡμᾶς γε μὲν δὴ ναῦν τ' ἀκήρατον σκάφος
 ἦτοι τις ἐξέκλειπεν ἢ ἔζητήσατο
 θεός τις, οὐκ ἄνθρωπος, οἶακος θιγών.
 τύχη δὲ σωτὴρ ναῦν θέλουσ' ἐφέζετο,
 ὥς μήτ' ἐν ὄρμῳ κύματος ζάλην ἔχειν
 μήτ' ἐξοκεῖλαι πρὸς κραταίλεων χθόνα.
 ἔπειτα δ' Αἰδὴν πόντιον πεφευγότες,
 λευκὸν κατ' ἡμαρ, οὐ πεποιθότες τύχῃ,
 ἐβουκολοῦμεν φροντίσιν νέον πάθος,
 στρατοῦ καμόντος καὶ κακῶς σποδουμένου.
 καὶ νῦν ἐκείνων εἴ τις ἐστὶν ἐμπνέων,
 λέγουσιν ἡμᾶς ὥς ὀλωλότας, τί μὴν;
 ἡμεῖς τ' ἐκείνους ταῦτ' ἔχειν δοξάζομεν.
 γένοιτο δ' ὥς ἄριστα. Μενέλεων γὰρ οὖν
 πρῶτόν τε καὶ μάλιστα προσδόκα μολεῖν.
 εἰ δ' οὖν τις ἀκτὶς ἡλίου νιν ἱστορεῖ
 καὶ ζῶντα καὶ βλέποντα, μηχαναῖς Διός,
 οὔπω θέλοντος ἐξαναλῶσαι γένος,
 ἐλπίς τις αὐτὸν πρὸς δόμους ἥξειν πάλιν.
 τοσαῦτ' ἀκούσας ἴσθι τὰληθῆ κλύων.

Agamemnon 636-80.

Howbeit for us, our one unwounded hull
Out of that wrath was stolen or begged free
By some good spirit—sure no man was he !—
Who guided clear our helm ; and on till now
Hath Saviour Fortune throned her on the prow,
No surge to mar our mooring, and no floor
Of rock to tear us when we made for shore.
Till, fled from that sea-hell, with the clear sun
Above us and all trust in fortune gone,
We drove like sheep about our brain the thoughts
Of that lost army, broken and scourged with knouts
Of evil. And methinks, if there is breath
In them, they talk of us as gone to death—
How else?—and so say we of them ! For thee,
Since Menelaüs thy first care must be,
If by some word of Zeus, who wills not yet
To leave the old house for ever desolate,
Some ray of sunlight on a far-off sea
Lights him, yet green and living . . . we may see
His ship some day in the harbour !—’Twas the word
Of truth ye asked me for, and truth ye have heard !

A Speech of Ajax

Ἀπανθ' ὁ μακρὸς κἀναρίθμητος χρόνος
 φύει τ' ἄδηλα καὶ φανέντα κρύπτεται·
 οὐκ ἔστ' ἄελπτον οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ἀλίσκεται
 χῶ δεινὸς ὄρκος χαί περισκελεῖς φρένες.
 καγὼ γάρ, ὃς τὰ δεινὰ ἐκαρτέρουν τότε
 βαφῇ σιδήρεος ὥς, ἐθελύνθην στόμα
 πρὸς τῇσδε τῆς γυναικός· οἰκτεῖρω δέ νιν
 χήραν παρ' ἐχθροῖς παῖδά τ' ὀρφανὸν λιπεῖν.
 ἀλλ' εἴμι πρὸς τε λουτρὰ καὶ παρακτίους
 λειμῶνας, ὥς ἂν λύμαθ' ἀγνίσας ἐμὰ
 μῆνιν βαρεῖαν ἐξαλύξωμαι θεᾶς·
 μολὼν τε χῶρον ἐνθ' ἂν ἀστιβῇ κίχῳ
 κρύψω τόδ' ἐγχος τοῦμόν, ἐχθιστον βελῶν,
 γαίας ὀρύξας ἐνθα μή τις ὄψεται·
 ἀλλ' αὐτὸ νύξ' Αἰδῆς τε σφζόντων κάτω.
 ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐξ οὗ χειρὶ τοῦτ' ἐδεξάμην
 παρ' Ἑκτορος δῶρημα δυσμενεστάτου,
 οὐπω τι κεδνὸν ἔσχον Ἀργείων πάρα.
 ἀλλ' ἔστ' ἀληθὴς ἢ βροτῶν παροιμία,
 ἐχθρῶν ἄδωρα δῶρα οὐκ ὀνήσιμα.
 τοιγὰρ τὸ λοιπὸν εἰσόμεσθα μὲν θεοῖς
 εἴκειν, μαθησόμεσθα δ' Ἀτρεΐδης σέβειν.
 ἄρχοντές εἰσιν, ὥσθ' ὑπεικτέον. τί μῆν;
 καὶ γὰρ τὰ δεινὰ καὶ τὰ καρτερώτατα
 τιμαῖς ὑπέικει· τοῦτο μὲν νιφοστιβεῖς
 χειμῶνες ἐκχωροῦσιν εὐκάρπῳ θέρει·
 ἐξίσταται δὲ νυκτὸς αἰανὴς κύκλος

ALL strangest things the multitudinous years
Bring forth, and shadow from us all we know.
Falter alike great oath and steeled resolve ;
And none shall say of aught, ' This may not be.'
Lo ! I myself, but yesterday so strong,
As new-dipt steel am weak and all unsexed
By yonder woman : yea I mourn for them,
Widow and orphan, left amid their foes.
But I will journey seaward—where the shore
Lies meadow-fringed—so haply wash away
My sin, and flee that wrath that weighs me down.
And, lighting somewhere on an untrodden way,
I will bury this my lance, this hateful thing,
Deep in some earth-hole where no eye shall see—
Night and Hell keep it in the underworld !
For never to this day, since first I grasped
The gift that Hector gave, my bitterest foe,
Have I reaped aught of honour from the Greeks.
So true that byword in the mouths of men,
' A foeman's gifts are no gifts, but a curse.'

Wherefore henceforward shall I know that God
Is great ; and strive to honour Atreus' sons.
Princes they are, and should be obeyed. How else ?
Do not all terrible and most puissant things
Yet bow to loftier majesties ? The Winter,
Who walks forth scattering snows, gives place anon
To fruitage-laden Summer ; and the orb
Of weary Night doth in her turn stand by,

τῇ λευκοπώλῃ φέγγος ἡμέρα φλέγειν
 δεινῶν τ' ἄημα πνευμάτων ἐκοίμισε
 στένοντα πόντον· ἐν δ' ὁ παγκρατῆς ὕπνος
 λυεῖ πεδῆσας, οὐδ' αἰεὶ λαβὼν ἔχει.
 ἡμεῖς δὲ πῶς οὐ γνωσόμεσθα σωφρονεῖν;
 ἔγωγ'· ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ ἀρτίως ὅτι
 ὅ τ' ἐχθρὸς ἡμῖν ἐς τοσόνδ' ἐχθαρτέος,
 ὥς καὶ φιλήσων αὖθις, ἔς τε τὸν φίλον
 τοσαῦθ' ὑπουργῶν ὠφελεῖν βουλήσομαι,
 ὥς αἰὲν οὐ μενοῦντα. τοῖς πολλοῖσι γὰρ
 βροτῶν ἄπιστός ἐσθ' ἐταιρείας λιμήν.
 ἀλλ' ἀμφὶ μὲν τούτοισιν εὖ σχήσει· σὺ δὲ
 εἴσω θεοῖς ἐλθοῦσα διὰ τέλους, γύναι,
 εὖχου τελεῖσθαι τοῦμὸν ὣν ἐρᾷ κέαρ.
 ὑμεῖς θ', ἐταῖροι, ταῦτ' ἀπὸ τῆδ' ἐμοὶ τάδε
 τιμᾶτε, Τεύκρ' ὅ τ' ἦν μόλῃ, σημήνατε
 μέλειν μὲν ἡμῶν, εὐνοεῖν δ' ὑμῖν ἅμα.
 ἐγὼ γὰρ εἴμ' ἐκεῖσ' ὅποι πορευτέον·
 ὑμεῖς δ' ἂν φράζω δρᾶτε, καὶ τάχ' ἂν μ' ἴσως
 πύθοισθε, καὶ νῦν δυστυχῶ, σεσσωμένον.

Ajax 646-92.

And let shine out, with his white steeds, the Day.
Stern tempest-blasts at last sing lullaby
To groaning seas : even the archtyrant, Sleep,
Doth loose his slaves, not hold them chained for ever,
And shall not mankind too learn discipline?
I know, of late experience taught, that him
Who is my foe I must but hate as one
Whom I may yet call Friend : and him who loves
me

Will I but serve and cherish as a man
Whose love is not abiding. Few be they
Who, reaching Friendship's port, have there found
rest.

But, for these things, they shall be well. Go thou,
Lady, within, and there pray that the Gods
May fill unto the full my heart's desire.
And ye, my mates, do unto me with her
Like honour : bid young Teucer, if he come,
To care for me, but to be *your* friend still.
For where my way leads, thither I shall go :
Do ye my bidding ; haply ye may hear,
Though now is my dark hour, that I have peace.

Ajax prepares to die

Ὅ μὲν σφαγεὺς ἔστηκεν ἧ τομώτατος
 γένειτ' ἄν, εἴ τῳ καὶ λογίζεσθαι σχολή,
 δῶρον μὲν ἀνδρὸς Ἑκτορος, ξένων ἐμοὶ
 μάλιστα μισηθέντος ἐχθίστῳ θ' ὄρᾱν.
 πέπηγε δ' ἐν γῇ πολεμία τῇ Τρῳάδι,
 σιδηροβρῶτι θηγάνη νεκροῦς·
 ἔπηξα δ' αὐτὸν εὖ περιστείλας ἐγώ,
 εὐνούστατον τῷδ' ἀνδρὶ διὰ τάχους θανεῖν.
 οὕτω μὲν εὐσκευοῦμεν· ἐκ δὲ τῶνδ' ἐμοὶ
 σὺ πρῶτος, ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ γὰρ εἰκός, ἄρκεσον.
 αἰτήσομαι δέ σ' οὐ μακρὸν γέρας λαχεῖν.
 πέμψον τιν' ἡμῖν ἄγγελον, κακὴν φάτιν
 Τεύκρῳ φέροντα, πρῶτος ὥς με βαστάσῃ
 πεπτῶτα τῷδε περὶ νεορράντῳ ξίφει,
 καὶ μὴ πρὸς ἐχθρῶν του κατοπτευθεὶς πάρος
 ρίφθῳ κυσὶν πρόβλητος οἰωνοῖς θ' ἔλῃρ.
 τοσαῦτά σ', ὦ Ζεῦ, προστρέπω· καλῷ δ' ἅμα
 πομπαῖον Ἑρμῆν χθόνιον εὖ με κοιμίσαι,
 ξύν ἀσφαδάστῳ καὶ ταχεῖ πηδήματι,
 πλευράν διαρρήξαντα τῷδε φασγάνῳ.
 καλῷ δ' ἄρωγους τὰς αἰεὶ τε παρθένους
 αἰεὶ θ' ὀρώσας πάντα τὰν βροτοῖς πάθη,
 σεμνὰς Ἑρινὺς τανύποδας, μαθεῖν ἐμέ
 πρὸς τῶν Ἀτρειδῶν ὥς διόλλυμαι τάλας·
 καὶ σφας κακοὺς κάκιστα καὶ πανωλέθρους
 ξυναρπάσειαν, ὥσπερ εἰσορῶσ' ἐμέ
 αὐτοσφαγῇ πίπτοντα, τὼς αὐτοσφαγεῖς

SO stands my cut-throat fitliest for its work—
Give me but time to think this matter out—
First, as 'tis Hector's gift, of all my friends
Worst foeman, and most hateful to my sight ;
Then, as 'tis planted in Troy's hostile soil,
New-whet on whetstone hungry for the steel :
And delicately, with care, I planted it,
With best good will to give me speedy death.
So all is ready, and so, my part being done,
Thou, Zeus, be first to help me, as is fit.
'Tis no great boon of thee that I shall ask :
Send now some messenger and let him bear
The ill-news to Teucer, that no hand ere his
May lift me fallen about this reeking sword :
And let no enemy behold me first
And fling me forth, to dogs and birds a prey.
Zeus, unto thee my prayer is said : but thou,
Hermes, good guide to deathward, give me good
sleep—
With unconvulsive and with sudden bound,
Leaping upon this sword to pierce my heart.
Moreover, I call to aid the virgins ever,
Whose eyes fail never of seeing wrong done on
earth,
Far-striding, dread Erinyes—to see
How by the Atreidae, hapless, I am undone :
And with a swift perdition sweep them off,
An evil portion for their evil deeds—
As by this fatal and unnatural hand
They see me die, grant them to perish so,

πρὸς τῶν φιλίστων ἐκγόνων ὀλοίατο.
 ἴτ', ὦ ταχεῖαι ποίνιμοί τ' Ἑρινύες,
 γεύεσθε, μὴ φεῖδεσθε πανδήμου στρατοῦ.
 σὺ δ', ὦ τὸν αἰπὺν οὐρανὸν διφρηλατῶν
 Ἥλιε, πατρώαν τὴν ἐμὴν ὅταν χθόνα
 ἰδῇς, ἐπισχὼν χρυσόνωτον ἡνίαν
 ἄγγειλον ἄτας τὰς ἐμὰς μόρον τ' ἐμὸν
 γέροντι πατρὶ τῇ τε δυστήνῳ τροφῷ.
 ἥ που τάλαινα, τήνδ' ὅταν κλύῃ φάτιν,
 ἥσει μέγαν κωκυτὸν ἐν πάσῃ πόλει.
 ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἔργον ταῦτα θρηνεῖσθαι μάτην,
 ἀλλ' ἀρκτέον τὸ πρᾶγμα σὺν τάχει τινί.
 ὦ Θάνατε Θάνατε, νῦν μ' ἐπίσκεψαι μολῶν.
 καίτοι σὲ μὲν κάκεϊ προσαυδήσω ξυνῶν
 σὲ δ', ὦ φαεννῆς ἡμέρας τὸ νῦν σέλας,
 καὶ τὸν διφρευτὴν Ἥλιον προσεννέπω
 πανύστατον δὴ· κοῦποτ' αἴθις ὕστερον.
 ὦ φέγγος, ὦ γῆς ἱερὸν οἰκείας πέδον
 Σαλαμῖνος, ὦ πατρῶον ἐστίας βάθρον,
 κλειναί τ' Ἀθῆναι, καὶ τὸ σύντροφον γένος,
 κρῆναί τε ποταμοί θ' οἶδε, καὶ τὰ Τρωϊκὰ
 πεδία προσαυδῶ, χαίρετ', ὦ τροφῆς ἐμοί·
 τοῦθ' ὑμῖν Αἴας τοῦπος ὕστατον θροεῖ.
 τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἐν Αἴδου τοῖς κάτω μυθήσομαι.

Unnaturally, by their own children slain.
Come, vengeful Furies, swift Erinyes,
Spare not, but glut your will on all the host.
And thou that chariotest the steeps of heaven,
When on my native land falls next thy gaze,
Awhile, O Sun-god, draw thy golden rein,
And tell the old man my father—let him know,
And my sad mother, my sufferings and my death.
Poor soul, I think that, when she hears the tale,
Loud weeping through the city she will send.
But now what use lamenting, all in vain?
Quick as I may, let me begin this deed.
O death, death, death, come now and look on me !
Nay rather—for I shall commune *there* with thee—
This present radiance of the shining day,
Now I invoke, and Helios, charioteer,
Thee, with my latest breath, and never more.
O light, O sacred soil of Salamis
My home, and firm-set hearth of my father's house,
And glorious Athens, and the kindred race,
Founts and these rivers, and ye plains of Troy—
All ye have nursed my life—to all farewell !
His latest word to you thus Ajax speaks :
To ghosts in Hades shall the rest be said.

The Passing of Oedipus

Τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἤδη κάποθ' αὐμάσαι πρέπον.
 ὥς μὲν γὰρ ἐνθένδ' εἶρπε, καὶ σύ που παρῶν
 ἔξοισθ', ὑφηγητῆρος οὐδενὸς φίλων,
 ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἡμῖν πᾶσιν ἐξηγούμενος·
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφῖκτο τὸν καταρράκτην ὁδὸν
 χαλκοῖς βάθροισι γῆθεν ἐρριζωμένον,
 ἔστη κελεύθων ἐν πολυσχίστων μιᾷ,
 κοίλου πέλας κρατῆρος, οὗ τὰ Θησέως
 Περίθου τε κεῖται πίστ' αἰὲ ξυνθήματα·
 ἀφ' οὗ μέσος στὰς τοῦ τε Θορικίου πέτρου
 κοίλης τ' ἀχέρδου καπὸ λαΐνου τάφου
 καθέζετ'· εἴτ' ἔλυσε δυσπινεῖς στολάς.
 κάπειτ' αὔσας παῖδας ἠνώγει ρυτῶν
 ὑδάτων ἐνεγκεῖν λουτρὰ καὶ χοάς ποθεν·
 τὼ δ' εὐχλόου Δήμητρος εἰς προσόψιον
 πάγον μολοῦσαι τάσδ' ἐπιστολάς πατρὶ
 ταχεῖ' ὀρέυσαν σὺν χρόνῳ, λουτροῖς τέ νιν
 ἐσθῆτί τ' ἐξήσκησαν ἥ νομίζεται.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ παντὸς εἶχε δρῶντος ἡδονήν,
 κούκ ἦν ἔτ' οὐδὲν ἀργὸν ὦν ἐφίετο,
 κτύπησε μὲν Ζεὺς χθόνιος, αἱ δὲ παρθένοι
 ῥίγησαν ὥς ἤκουσαν· ἐς δὲ γούνατα
 πατρὸς πεσοῦσαι κλαῖον, οὐδ' ἀνίσταν
 στέρνων ἀραγμοὺς οὐδὲ παμμήκεις γόους.
 ὁ δ' ὥς ἀκούει φθόγγον ἐξαίφνης πικρόν,
 πτύξας ἐπ' αὐταῖς χεῖρας εἶπεν· ὦ τέκνα,
 οὐκ ἔστ' ἔθ' ὑμῖν τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ πατήρ.

AY, there thou hast it ; marvel now at this.
Hence how he went, thou knowest, for thou
wast here

Beholding—guided by no friendly hand,
Followed by us instead, himself the guide.
But when to that sheer threshold he had come,
Paven with brass and rooted in the rock,
Of the divided ways he chose him one,
And nigh the urn that keeps the memory
How Theseus with Peirithoüs plighted faith,
'Twixt that he stood and the Thorician scaur,
Midmost the hollow pear-tree and the tomb,
Rock-hewn ; then sate him down, and loosed his
soiled

Apparel, and called his children, and bade them
bring

Water for washing from some fountain near
And for libation. They to yonder height,
Hill of Demeter who clothes the fields with green,
Hied them, and brought the bidding of their
sire,

With swift despatch, and washed and did on him
Fair raiment, as the manner is to do.
But when of doing he had all content,
And nought that he desired was left undone,
Came thunder underground, and at the sound
The maidens shuddered, and at their father's knees
Fell weeping, nor refrained, but beat their breasts
And with their lamentations filled the air.
But, when he heard that sudden bitter cry,
He folded them within his arms, and said,
' O daughters, ye are left fatherless this day :

ὅλωλε γὰρ δὴ πάντα τὰμά, κούκέτι
 τὴν δυσπόνητον ἔξετ' ἀμφ' ἐμοὶ τροφήν·
 σκληρὰν μὲν, οἶδα, παῖδες· ἀλλ' ἐν γὰρ μόνον
 τὰ πάντα λύει ταῦτ' ἔπος μοχθήματα.
 τὸ γὰρ φιλεῖν οὐκ ἔστιν ἐξ ὅτου πλέον
 ἢ τοῦδε τάνδρὸς ἔσχεθ', οὗ τητῶμεναι
 τὸ λοιπὸν ἤδη τὸν βίον διάζετον.
 τοιαῦτ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἀμφικείμενοι
 λύγδην ἔκλαιον πάντες. ὥς δὲ πρὸς τέλος
 γόων ἀφίκοντ' οὐδ' ἔτ' ὠρώρει βοή,
 ἦν μὲν σιωπή, φθέγμα δ' ἐξαίφνης τινὸς
 θώυξεν αὐτόν, ὥστε πάντας ὀρθίας
 στῆσαι φόβῳ δέισαντας ἐξαίφνης τρίχας·
 καλεῖ γὰρ αὐτὸν πολλὰ πολλαχῇ θεός·
 ὦ οὔτος οὔτος, Οἰδίπους, τί μέλλομεν
 χωρεῖν; πάλαι δὴ τὰπὸ σοῦ βραδύνεται.
 ὁ δ' ὥς ἐπήσθητ' ἐκ θεοῦ καλούμενος,
 αὐτὰρ μολεῖν οἱ γῆς ἄνακτα Θησέα.
 καπεῖ προσῆλθεν, εἶπεν· ὦ φίλον κάρα,
 δός μοι χερὸς σῆς πίστιν ἀρχαίαν τέκνοις
 ὑμεῖς τε, παῖδες, τῶδε· καὶ καταίνεσον
 μήποτε προδώσειν τάσδ' ἐκόν, τελεῖν δ' ὅσ' ἂν
 μέλλης φρονῶν εὖ ξυμφέροντ' αὐταῖς αἰεὶ.
 ὁ δ', ὥς ἀνὴρ γενναῖος, οὐκ οἴκτου μέτα
 κατήνεσεν τὰδ' ὄρκιος δράσειν ξένῳ.
 ὅπως δὲ ταῦτ' ἔδρασεν, εὐθύς Οἰδίπους
 ψαύσας ἀμαυραῖς χερσὶν ὧν παίδων λέγει·
 ὦ παῖδε, τλάσας χρὴ τὸ γενναῖον φρενὶ
 χωρεῖν τόπων ἐκ τῶνδε, μῆδ' ἄ μὴ θέμις

For all my life falls from me ; never more
Shall ye be troubled with your care of me.
Children, I know how hard it was ; and yet
One little word, I know, pays all the pain.
There is not any one who loves you so.
As this man loved you, orphaned of whose love
This day and all your days henceforth shall be.'
So locked together in a last embrace,
They sobbed and wept, all three. But when at last
Their tears were spent, and no cry more outbrake,
But they stood silent, on the silence fell
A voice of one who summoned, and its sound
Stiffened with sudden fear the hair of all
Who heard : for the god called, and called again,
' Oedipus, Oedipus, why tarriest thou
With these so long? 'tis time that we were gone.'
And when he knew the summons of the god,
He bade the king, Theseus, come nigher to him,
And when he came besought him, ' O my friend,
Give to these children, and children, ye to him,
Right hands, the ancient pledge ; and promise thou,
Thou'lt not forsake them willingly, and wilt do
All that thou doest, wisely, for their good.'
Then he, the noble man, with no weak tears,
Promised, and sealed the promise with an oath.
So Theseus sware, and Oedipus thereat
Felt for his daughters with his sightless hands,
And found, and said, ' O children, get ye gone,
With noble hearts and patient ; nor desire

λεύσσειν δικαιοῦν, μηδὲ φωνούντων κλύειν.
 ἀλλ' ἔρπεθ' ὡς τάχιστα· πλὴν ὁ κύριος
 Θησεὺς παρέστω μανθάνων τὰ δρώμενα.
 τοσαῦτα φωνήσαντος εἰσηκούσαμεν
 ξύμπαντες· ἀστακτὶ δὲ σὺν ταῖς παρθένοις
 στένοντες ὠμαρτοῦμεν. ὥς δ' ἀπήλθομεν,
 χρόνῳ βραχεῖ στραφέντες, ἔξαπεῖδομεν
 τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν μὲν οὐδαμοῦ παρόντ' ἔτι,
 ἄνακτα δ' αὐτὸν ὀμμάτων ἐπίσκιον
 χεῖρ' ἀντέχοντα κρατός, ὡς δεινοῦ τινος
 φόβου φανέντος οὐδ' ἀνασχετοῦ βλέπειν.
 ἔπειτα μέντοι βαιὸν οὐδὲ σὺν χρόνῳ
 ὀρῶμεν αὐτὸν γῆν τε προσκυνοῦνθ' ἅμα
 καὶ τὸν θεῶν Ὀλυμπον ἐν ταῦτῳ λόγῳ.
 μόρῳ δ' ὁποῖω κεῖνος ὤλετ' οὐδ' ἂν εἰς
 θνητῶν φράσειε πλὴν τὸ Θησέως κára.
 οὐ γάρ τις αὐτὸν οὔτε πυρφόρος θεοῦ
 κεραυνὸς ἐξέπραξεν οὔτε ποντία
 θύελλα κινηθεῖσα τῷ τότε ἐν χρόνῳ,
 ἀλλ' ἢ τις ἐκ θεῶν πομπός, ἢ τὸ νερτέρων
 εὔνουν διαστὰν γῆς ἀλύπητον βάθρον·
 ἀνὴρ γὰρ οὐ στενακτὸς οὐδὲ σὺν νόσοις
 ἀλγεινὸς ἐξεπέμπετ', ἀλλ' εἴ τις βροτῶν
 θαυμαστός. εἰ δὲ μὴ δοκῶ φρονῶν λέγειν,
 οὐκ ἂν παρείμην οἷσι μὴ δοκῶ φρονεῖν.

To see the things ye may not, nor to hear.
Make haste to go : the things that shall be done
No man but Theseus it concerns to know.'
Such words he spake, and we obeyed his speech,
All we that heard, and stinting not our tears
Forth with the maidens followed ; but went not far,
Or ere we turned to look, and looked, and saw
The man was gone, no Oedipus was there ;
Only the king, holding athwart his brow
A hand that screened his eyes, as to shut out
Some dreadful and intolerable sight.
And then, for one brief minute and no more,
We saw him make obeisance, all at once,
Both to the earth and to the gods in heaven.
But by what manner of death died Oedipus,
No man can tell, but Theseus, he alone.
For it was not any firebolt, swift from heaven,
Despatched him, no, nor a whirlwind from the sea
Rose in a minute and caught him from our sight ;
But either the gods took him, or the earth
Was kind, and opened for him her cavernous jaws.
For nowise lamentably he passed, nor slain
By sickness, pitiably—a marvel, how—
Whose like was never. Idle is my talk?
Who lists may think so ; him I'll not regard.

How Alcestis prepared for Death

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἴστω νυν εὐκλεῆς γε κατθανουμένη
γυνή τ' ἀρίστη τῶν ὑφ' ἡλίῳ, μακρῷ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

πῶς δ' οὐκ ἀρίστη; τίς δ' ἐναντιώσεται;
τί χρὴ γενέσθαι τὴν ὑπερβεβλημένην
γυναῖκα; πῶς δ' ἂν μᾶλλον ἐνδείξαιτό τις
πόσιν προτιμῶσ' ἢ θέλουσ' ὑπερθανεῖν;
καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ πᾶσ' ἐπίστα ὅλεις·
ἃ δ' ἐν δόμοις ἔδρασε θαυμάσῃ κλύων.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἦσθεθ' ἡμέραν τὴν κυρίαν
ἤκουσαν, ὕδασι ποταμίοις λευκὸν χροῶ
ἐλούσατ', ἐκ δ' ἐλοῦσα κεδρίνων δόμων
ἐσθῆτα κόσμῳ τ' εὐπρεπῶς ἡσκήσατο,
καὶ στᾶσα πρόσθεν Ἑστίας κατηύξατο·
Δέσποιν', ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔρχομαι κατὰ χθονός,
πανύστατόν σε προσπίτνουσ' αἰτήτομαι,
τέκν' ὀρφανεῦσαι τὰμά· καὶ τῷ μὲν φίλην
σύζευξον ἄλοχον, τῇ δὲ γενναῖον πόσιν.
μηδ' ὥσπερ αὐτῶν ἢ τεκοῦσ' ἀπόλλυμαι
θανεῖν ἄώρους παῖδας, ἀλλ' εὐδαίμονας
ἐν γῇ πατρώᾳ τερπνὸν ἐκπλῆσαι βίον.

πάντας δὲ βωμούς, οἳ κατ' Ἀδμήτου δόμους,
προσῆλθε καῖξέσταιψε καὶ προσῆξατο,
πτόρθων ἀποσχίζουσα μυρσίνης φόβην,
ἄκλαντος ἀστένακτος, οὐδὲ τοῦπιόν
κακὸν μεθίστη χρωτὸς εὐειδῇ φύσιν.

LEADER OF CHORUS

'FORE God, she dies high-hearted, aye, and
far
In honour raised above all wives that are !

MAID

Far above all ! How other ? What must she,
Who seeketh to surpass this woman, be ?
Or how could any wife more shining make
Her lord's love, than by dying for his sake ?
But thus much all the city knows. 'Tis here,
In her own rooms, the tale will touch thine ear
With strangeness. When she knew the day was come,
She rose and washed her body, white as foam,
With running water ; then the cedarn press
She opened, and took forth her funeral dress
And rich adornment. So she stood arrayed
Before the Hearth-fire of her home, and prayed :
' Mother, since I must vanish from the day,
This last, last time I kneel to thee and pray ;
Be mother to my two children ! Find some dear
Helpmate for him, some gentle lord for her.
And let not them, like me, before their hour
Die ; let them live in happiness, in our
Old home, till life be full and age content.'

To every household altar then she went
And made for each his garland of the green
Boughs of the wind-blown myrtle, and was seen
Praying, without a sob, without a tear.
She knew the dread thing coming, but her clear
Cheek never changed : till suddenly she fled

κᾶπειτα θάλαμον ἔσπεσοῦσα καὶ λέχος,
 ἐνταῦθα δὴ ᾿δάκρυσε καὶ λέγει τάδε·
 ὦ λέκτρον, ἔνθα παρθένει ἔλυσ' ἐγὼ
 κορεύματ' ἐκ τοῦδ' ἀνδρός, οὔ θνήσκω πέρι,
 χαῖρ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐχθαίρω σ'· ἀπώλεσας δ' ἐμέ
 μόνην· προδοῦναι γάρ σ' ὀκνοῦσα καὶ πόσιν
 θνήσκω. σὲ δ' ἄλλη τις γυνὴ κεκτήσεται,
 σώφρων μὲν οὐκ ἂν μᾶλλον, εὐτυχὴς δ' ἴσως.

κυνεῖ δὲ προσπίτνουσα, πᾶν δὲ δέμνιον
 ὀφθαλμοτέγκτῳ δεύεται πλημμυρίδι.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ πολλῶν δακρύων εἶχεν κόρον,
 στείχει προναπῆς ἐκπεσοῦσα δεμνίων,
 καὶ πολλὰ θαλάμων ἐξιοῦσ' ἐπεστράφη
 κᾶρριψεν αὐτὴν αὔθις ἐς κοίτην πάλιν.
 παῖδες δὲ πέπλων μητρὸς ἐξηρτημένοι
 ἔκλαιον· ἢ δὲ λαμβάνουσ' ἐς ἀγκάλας
 ἡσπάζετ' ἄλλοτ' ἄλλον, ὥς θανουμένη.
 πάντες δ' ἔκλαιον οἰκέται κατὰ στέγας
 δέσποιναν οἰκτίροντες. ἢ δὲ δεξιὰν
 προύτειν' ἐκάστῳ κοῦτις ἦν οὕτω κακὸς
 ὃν οὐ προσεῖπε καὶ προσερρήθη πάλιν.
 τοιαῦτ' ἐν οἴκοις ἐστὶν Ἀδμήτου κακά.
 καὶ κατθανών τ' αὖν ὦλετ', ἐκφυγών δ' ἔχει
 τοσοῦτον ἄλγος, οὔ ποτ'—οὐ λελήσεται.

Alcestis 150-98.

Back to her own chamber and bridal bed :
Then came the tears and she spoke all her thought.
‘ O bed, whereon my laughing girlhood’s knot
Was severed by this man, for whom I die,
Farewell ! ’Tis thou . . . I speak not bitterly . . .
’Tis thou hast slain me. All alone I go
Lest I be false to him or thee. And lo,
Some woman shall lie here instead of me—
Happier perhaps ; more true she cannot be.’

She kissed the pillow as she knelt, and wet
With flooding tears was that fair coverlet.

At last she had had her fill of weeping ; then
She tore herself away, and rose again,
Walking with downcast eyes ; yet turned before
She had left the room, and cast her down once more
Kneeling beside the bed. Then to her side
The children came, and clung to her and cried,
And her arms hugged them, and a long good-bye
She gave to each, like one who goes to die.
The whole house then was weeping, every slave
In sorrow for his mistress. And she gave
Her hand to all ; aye, none so base was there
She gave him not good words and he to her.

So on Admetus falls from either side
Sorrow. ’Twere bitter grief to him to have died
Himself ; and being escaped, how sore a woe
He hath earned instead—Ah, some day he shall
know !

Medea nerves herself to slay her Children

ὦ τέκνα τέκνα, σφῶν μὲν ἔστι δὴ πόλις
 καὶ δῶμ', ἐν ᾧ, λιπόντες ἀθλίαν ἐμέ,
 οἰκήσεται αἰεὶ μητρὸς ἐστερημένοι
 ἐγὼ δ' ἐς ἄλλην γαῖαν εἴμι δὴ φυγὰς,
 πρὶν σφῶν ὀνάσθαι κάπιδεῖν εὐδαίμονας,
 πρὶν λέκτρα καὶ γυναῖκα καὶ γαμηλίους
 εὐνάς ἀγῆλαι λαμπάδας τ' ἀνασχεθεῖν.
 ᾧ δυστάλαινα τῆς ἐμῆς αὐθαδίας.
 ἄλλως ἄρ' ὑμᾶς, ᾧ τέκν', ἐξεθρεψάμην,
 ἄλλως δ' ἐμόχθουν καὶ κατεξάνθην πόνοις,
 στερρὰς ἐνεγκοῦσ' ἐν τόκοις ἀλγηδόνας.
 ἦ μὴν ποθ' ἦ δύστηνος εἶχον ἐλπίδας
 πολλὰς ἐν ὑμῖν, γηροβουσκῆσειν τ' ἐμέ
 καὶ καθανοῦσαν χερσὶν εὖ περιστελεῖν,
 ζηλωτὸν ἀνθρώποισι· νῦν δ' ὄλωλε δὴ
 γλυκεῖα φροντίς. σφῶν γὰρ ἐστερημένη
 λυπρὸν διάξω βίοτον ἀλγεινόν τ' ἐμοί.
 ὑμεῖς δὲ μητέρ' οὐκέτ' ὄμμασιν φίλοις
 ὤψεσθ', ἐς ἄλλο σχῆμ' ἀποστάντες βίου.

φεῦ φεῦ· τί προσδέρκεσθέ μ' ὄμμασιν, τέκνα;
 τί προσγεῶτε τὸν πανύστατον γέλων;
 αἰαῖ· τί δράσω; καρδία γὰρ οἴχεται,
 γυναῖκες, ὄμμα φαιδρὸν ὡς εἶδον τέκνων.
 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην· χαιρέτω βουλεύματα
 τὰ πρόσθεν. ἄξω παῖδας ἐκ γαίας ἐμούς.
 τί δεῖ με πατέρα τῶνδε τοῖς τούτων κακοῖς,

O CHILDREN, children mine : and you have found

A land and home, where, leaving me discrowned
And desolate, for ever you will stay,
Motherless children ! And I go my way
To other lands, an exile, ere you bring
Your fruits home, ere I see you prospering
Or know your brides, or deck the bridal bed,
All flowers, and lift your torches overhead.

Oh, cursèd be mine own hard heart ! 'Twas all
In vain, then, that I reared you up, so tall
And fair ; in vain I bore you, and was torn
With those long pitiless pains, when you were born.
Ah, wondrous hopes my poor heart had in you,
How you would tend me in mine age, and do
The shroud about me with your own dear hands,
When I lay cold, blessèd in all the lands
That knew us. And that gentle thought is dead !
You go, and I live on, to eat the bread
Of long years, to myself most full of pain.
And never your dear eyes, never again,
Shall see your mother, far away being thrown
To other shapes of life. . . . My babes, my own,
Why gaze ye so?—What is it that ye see?—
And laugh with that last laughter? . . . Woe is me,
What shall I do?

Women, my strength is gone,
Gone like a dream, since once I looked upon
Those shining faces. . . . I can do it not.
Good-bye to all the thoughts that burned so hot
Aforetime ! I will take and hide them far,
Far, from men's eyes. Why should I seek a war

λυποῦσαν αὐτὴν δις τόσα κτᾶσθαι κακά;
οὐ δῆτ' ἔγωγε. χαιρέτω βουλευματα.

καίτοι τί πάσχω; βούλομαι γέλωτ' ὀφλεῖν
ἐχθροὺς μεθεῖσα τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἀζημίους;
τολμητέον τάδ'. ἀλλὰ τῆς ἐμῆς κάκης,
τὸ καὶ προσέσθαι μαλθακοὺς λόγους φρενί.
χωρεῖτε, παῖδες, ἐς δόμους. ὅτῳ δὲ μὴ
θέμις παρεῖναι τοῖς ἐμοῖσι θύμασιν,
αὐτῷ μελήσει· χεῖρα δ' οὐ διαφθερῶ.
ᾤ ᾤ.

μὴ δῆτα, θυμέ, μὴ σύ γ' ἐργάσῃ τάδε·
ἔασον αὐτούς, ὧ τάλαν, φεῖσαι τέκνων·
ἐκεῖ μεθ' ἡμῶν ζῶντες εὐφρανοῦσί σε.

μὰ τοὺς παρ' Αἰδῇ νερτέρους ἀλάστορας,
οὔτοι ποτ' ἔσται τοῦθ' ὅπως ἐχθροῖς ἐγὼ
παῖδας παρήσω τοὺς ἐμοὺς καθυβρίσαι.
πάντως σφ' ἀνάγκη κατθανεῖν· ἐπεὶ δὲ χρή,
ἡμεῖς κτενοῦμεν οἷπερ ἐξεφύσαμεν.
πάντως πέπρακται ταῦτα κοῦκ ἐκφεύξεται.
καὶ δὴ 'πὶ κρατὶ στέφανος, ἐν πέπλοισι δὲ
νύμφη, τύραννος ὄλλυται, σάφ' οἶδ' ἐγώ.
ἀλλ', εἵμι γὰρ δὴ τλημονεστάτην ὁδόν,
καὶ τούσδε πέμψω τλημονεστέραν ἔτι,
παῖδας προσειπεῖν βούλομαι.—δότ', ὧ τέκνα,

So blind : by these babes' wounds to sting again
Their father's heart, and win myself a pain
Twice deeper? Never, never ! I forget
Henceforward all I laboured for.

And yet,
What is it with me? Would I be a thing
Mocked at, and leave mine enemies to sting
Unsmitten? It must be. O coward heart,
Ever to harbour such soft words !—Depart
Out of my sight, ye twain. [*The CHILDREN go in.*
And they whose eyes

Shall hold it sin to share my sacrifice,
On their heads be it ! My hand shall swerve not
now.

Ah, Ah, thou Wrath within me ! Do not thou,
Do not . . . Down, down, thou tortured thing, and
spare

My children ! They will dwell with us, aye, there
Far off and give thee peace.

Too late, too late !

By all Hell's living agonies of hate,
They shall not take my little ones alive
To make their mock with ! Howsoe'er I strive
The thing is doomed ; it shall not escape now
From being. Aye, the crown is on the brow,
And the robe girt, and in the robe that high
Queen dying.

I know all. Yet . . . seeing that I
Must go so long a journey, and these twain
A longer yet and darker, I would fain
Speak with them, ere I go.

[*A handmaid brings the CHILDREN out again.*

Come, children ; stand
A little from me. There. Reach out your hand,

δότη' ἀσπάσασθαι μητρὶ δεξιὰν χέρα.

ὦ φιλτάτη χεὶρ, φίλτατον δέ μοι στόμα
καὶ σχῆμα καὶ πρόσωπον εὐγενὲς τέκνων,
εὐδαιμονοῖτον, ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ· τὰ δ' ἐνθάδε
πατὴρ ἀφείλετ'. ὦ γλυκεῖα προσβολή,
ὦ μαλθακὸς χρῶς πνεῦμά θ' ἥδιστον τέκνων.
χωρεῖτε χωρεῖτ'· οὐκέτ' εἰμὶ προσβλέπειν
οἷα τ' ἐς ὑμᾶς, ἀλλὰ νικῶμαι κακοῖς.
καὶ μανθάνω μὲν οἷα δρᾶν μέλλω κακά,
θυμὸς δὲ κρείσσω τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων,
ὅσπερ μεγίστων αἴτιος κακῶν βροτοῖς.

Medea 1021-80.

Your right hand—so—to mother : and good-bye !
Oh, darling hand ! Oh ! darling mouth, and eye,
And royal mien, and bright brave faces clear,
May you be blessèd, but not here ! What here
Was yours, your father stole. . . . Ah God, the glow
Of cheek on cheek, the tender touch : and Oh,
Sweet scent of childhood. . . . Go ! Go ! . . . Am
I blind? . . .

Mine eyes can see not, when I look to find
Their places. I am broken by the wings
Of evil. . . . Yea, I know to what bad things
I go, but louder than all thought doth cry
Anger, which maketh man's worst misery.

[She follows the CHILDREN into the house.]

An Offering to Artemis

Σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἐξ ἀκηράτου
 λειμῶνος, ᾧ δέσποινα, κοσμήσας φέρω,
 ἔνθ' οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ φέρβειν βοτὰ
 οὔτ' ἤλθέ πω σῖδαρος, ἀλλ' ἀκήρατον
 μέλισσα λειμῶν' ἡρινὴ διέρχεται,
 Αἰδῶς δὲ ποταμίαισι κηπεύει δρόσοις·
 ὅσοις διδακτὸν μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει
 τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἴληχεν ἐς τὰ πάνθ' ὁμῶς,
 τούτοις δρέπεσθαι, τοῖς κακοῖσι δ' οὐ θέμις.
 ἀλλ', ᾧ φίλη δέσποινα, χρυσέας κόμης
 ἀνάδημα δέξαι χειρὸς εὐσεβοῦς ἄπο.
 μόνῳ γάρ ἐστι τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ γέρας βροτῶν·
 σοὶ καὶ ξύνειμι καὶ λόγοις ἀμείβομαι,
 κλύων μὲν αὐδὴν, ὅμμα δ' οὐχ ὀρῶν τὸ σόν.
 τέλος δὲ κάμψαιμ' ὥσπερ ἡρξάμην βίου.

Hippolytus 73-87.

TO thee this wreathèd garland, from a green
And virgin meadow bear I, O my Queen,
Where never shepherd leads his grazing ewes
Nor scythe has touched. Only the river dews
Gleam, and the spring bee sings, and in the glade
Hath Solitude her mystic garden made.

No evil hand may cull it : only he
Whose heart has known the heart of Purity,
Unlearned of man, and true whate'er befall.
Take therefore from pure hands this coronal,
O mistress loved, thy golden hair to twine.
For sole of living men, this grace is mine,
To dwell with thee, and speak, and hear replies
Of voice divine, though none may see thine eyes.

Oh, keep me to the end in this same road !

Andromache mourns over Astyanax

Ω φίλτατ', ὧ περισσὰ τιμηθεὶς τέκνον,
 θανῇ πρὸς ἐχθρῶν μητέρ' ἀθλίαν λιπών,
 ἡ τοῦ πατρὸς δέ σ' εὐγένει' ἀποκτενεῖ,
 ἡ τοῖσιν ἄλλοις γίγνεται σωτηρία,
 τὸ δ' ἐσθλὸν οὐκ ἐς καιρὸν ἦλθε σοὶ πατρός.

ὧ λέκτρα τὰμὰ δυστυχῇ τε καὶ γάμοι,
 οἷς ἦλθον ἐς μέλαθρον Ἐκτορός ποτε,
 οὐ σφάγιον υἱὸν Δαναΐδαις τέξουσ' ἐμόν,
 ἀλλ' ὥς τύραννον Ἀσιάδος πολυσπόρου.
 ὧ παῖ, δακρύεις· αἰσθάνη κακῶν σέθεν;
 τί μου δέδραξαι χερσὶ κἀντέχῃ πέπλων,
 νεοσσὸς ὥσεί πτέρυγας ἐσπίτνων ἐμάς;
 οὐκ εἴσιν Ἐκτωρ κλεινὸν ἀρπάσας δόρυ
 γῆς ἐξανελθὼν σοὶ φέρων σωτηρίαν,
 οὐ συγγένεια πατρός, οὐκ ἰσχυρὸς Φρυγῶν·
 λυγρὸν δὲ πῆδῃμ' ἐς τράχηλον ὑψόθεν
 πεσὼν ἀνοίκτως, πνεῦμ' ἀπορρήξεις σέθεν.
 ὧ νέον ὑπαγκάλισμα μητρὶ φίλτατον,
 ὧ χρωτὸς ἡδὺ πνεῦμα· διὰ κενῆς ἄρα
 ἐν σπαργάνοις σε μαστὸς ἐξέθρεψ' ὅδε,
 μάτην δ' ἐμόχθουν καὶ κατεξάνθην πόνοις.
 νῦν—οὔποτ' αὖθις—μητέρ' ἀσπάζου σέθεν,
 πρόσπιτνε τὴν τεκοῦσαν, ἀμφὶ δ' ὠλένας
 ἔλισσ' ἐμοῖς νότοις καὶ στόμ' ἄρμοσον.
 ὧ βάρβαρ' ἐξευρόντες Ἕλληνες κακά,

GO, die, my best-beloved, my cherished one,
In fierce men's hands, leaving me here alone.
Thy father was too valiant : that is why
They slay thee ! Other children, like to die,
Might have been spared for that. But on thy head
His good is turned to evil.

O thou bed
And bridal ; O the joining of the hand,
That led me long ago to Hector's land
To bear, O not a lamb for Grecian swords
To slaughter, but a Prince o'er all the hordes
Enthroned of wide-flung Asia. . . . Weapest thou ?
Nay, why, my little one ? Thou canst not know.
And Father will not come ; he will not come ;
Not once, the great spear flashing, and the tomb
Riven to set thee free ! Not one of all
His brethren, nor the might of Ilion's wall.

How shall it be ? One horrible spring . . . deep,
deep
Down. And thy neck . . . Ah God, so cometh
sleep ! . . .

And none to pity thee ! . . . Thou little thing
That curlest in my arms, what sweet scents cling
All round thy neck. Belovèd ; can it be
All nothing, that this bosom cradled thee
And fostered ; all the weary nights, wherethrough
I watched upon thy sickness, till I grew
Wasted with watching ? Kiss me. This one time ;
Not ever again. Put up thine arms, and climb
About my neck : now, kiss me, lips to lips. . . .

O, ye have found an anguish that outstrips
All tortures of the East, ye gentle Greeks !

τί τόνδε παῖδα κτείνειτ' οὐδὲν αἴτιον;
 ὦ Τυνδάρειον ἔρνος, οὐπὸτ' εἴ Διός,
 πολλῶν δὲ πατέρων φημί σ' ἐκπεφυκέναι,
 Ἀλάστορος μὲν πρῶτον, εἶτα δὲ Φθόνου,
 Φόνου τε Θανάτου θ' ὅσα τε γῇ τρέφει κακά.
 οὐ γάρ ποτ' αὐχῶ Ζῆνά γ' ἐκφῦσαί σ' ἐγώ,
 πολλοῖσι κῆρα βαρβάροις Ἑλλησί τε.
 ὅλοιο· καλλίστων γὰρ ὀμμάτων ἄπο
 αἰσχυρῶς τὰ κλεινὰ πεδί' ἀπώλεσας Φρυγῶν.
 ἀλλ' ἄγετε φέρετε ρίπτετ', εἰ ρίπτειν δοκεῖ·
 δαίνυσθε τοῦδε σάρκας. ἔκ τε γὰρ θεῶν
 διολλύμεσθα, παιδί τ' οὐ δυναίμεθ' ἄν
 θάνατον ἀρῆξαι. κρύπτετ' ἄθλιον δέμας
 καὶ ρίπτετ' ἐς ναῦς· ἐπὶ καλὸν γὰρ ἔρχομαι
 ὑμέναιον, ἀπολέσασα τούμαντῆς τέκνον.

The Trojan Women 740-79.

Why will ye slay this innocent, that seeks
No wrong? . . . O Helen, Helen, thou ill tree
That Tyndareus planted, who shall deem of thee
As child of Zeus? O, thou hast drawn thy breath
From many fathers, Madness, Hate, red Death,
And every rotting poison of the sky !
Zeus knows thee not, thou vampire, draining dry
Greece and the world ! God hate thee and destroy,
That with those beautiful eyes hast blasted Troy,
And made the far-famed plains a waste withal.

Quick ! take him : drag him : cast him from the
wall,

If cast ye will ! Tear him, ye beasts, be swift !
God hath undone me, and I cannot lift
One hand, one hand, to save my child from death . . .
O, hide my head for shame : fling me beneath
Your galley's benches ! . . .

Quick : I must begone
To the bridal. . . . I have lost my child, my own !

Epitaph on the Athenian Dead at Plataea

Εἰ τὸ καλῶς θνήσκειν ἀρετῆς μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον
 ἡμῖν ἐκ πάντων τοῦτ' ἀπένειμε Τύχη·
 Ἑλλάδι γὰρ σπεύδοντες ἐλευθερίαν περιθεῖναι
 κείμεθ' ἀγηράντῳ χρώμενοι εὐλογίῃ.

Epitaph on the Spartan Dead at Plataea

* Ἀσβεστον κλέος οἶδε φίλῃ περὶ πατρίδι θέντες
 κυάνεον θανάτου ἀμφεβάλοντο νέφος·
 οὐ δὲ τεθνᾶσι θανόντες, ἐπεὶ σφ' ἀρετὴ καθύπερθεν
 κυδαίνουσ' ἀνάγει δώματος ἐξ Ἀΐδew.

IF the best merit be to lose life well,
To us beyond all else that fortune came :
In war, to give Greece liberty, we fell,
Heirs of all time's imperishable fame.

SPLENDOUR unfading for their land they won,
And then the shadowy robe of death put on.
Yet died and are not dead ; for their brave might
Fames, and uplifts them from the realms of night.

The Dead Scholar

Εἴπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεὸν μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
ἤγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὅσσάκις ἀμφότεροι
ἥλιον ἐν λέσχῃ κατεδύσαμεν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μέν που,
ξεῖν' Ἀλικαρνησεῦ, τετράπαλαι σποδιή.
αἱ δὲ τεαὶ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες, ἧσιν ὁ πάντων
ἄρπακτὴρ Ἀΐδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

THE brief words, Heraclitus, fell—
Your death ; and with them drew
Tears to my eyes ; old memories thronged—
How many a time we two

Had sunk the tired-out sun beneath
Our talk !—Dear friend of old,
And you there now in Caria—dust,
A charred ash, ages cold. . . .

But thy sweet voices are not dead,
Those nightingales yet wake ;
Death with his clutch takes all away,
But those he shall not take !

Love's Garland

Πλέξω λευκόϊον, πλέξω δ' ἀπαλὴν ἅμα μύρτοις
νάρκισσον, πλέξω καὶ τὰ γελῶντα κρίνα·
πλέξω καὶ κρόκον ἡδύν, ἐπιπλέξω δ' ὑάκινθον
πορφυρέην, πλέξω καὶ φιλέραστα ρόδα·
ὥς ἂν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις μυροβοστρύχου Ἑλιοδώρας
εὐπλόκαμον χαίτην ἀνθοβολῇ στέφανος.

WHITE violets I'll twine,
The young fresh daffodilly
With myrtles I'll combine,
I'll twine the laughing lily :

I'll have the crocus twined,
And the hyacinth to cover,
And all around shall wind
The rose that loves the lover :

That Heliodora's hair
May scent the wreath, whose flowers
On lovely tresses fair
Shall fade and fall in showers.

The Astronomer's Vision

Ὅτ' ὅτι θνατὸς ἐγὼ καὶ ἐφάμερος· ἀλλ' ὅταν ἄστρον
μαστεύω πυκινὰς ἀμφιδρόμους ἑλικας,
οὐκέτ' ἐπιψαύω γαίης ποσίν, ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτῷ
Ζανὶ θεοτρεφέος πίμπλαμαι ἀμβροσίης.

I AM but human and must die :
Yet when aloft I gaze
And trace the tangled stars on high
Through all their curving maze,
No more then on the earth I tread,
But far far hence recline
With Zeus in heaven, and share the bread
Of deathless Gods divine.

INDEX

- Aeschylus (525-456 A. C.), XXIX-XXXII.
Callimachus (*ob. c.* 240 A. C.), XLII.
Catullus (84-54 A. C.), V-IX.
Claudian (*fl.* 400 A. D.), XXVII.
Euripides (*c.* 480-406 A. C.), XXXVI-XXXIX.
Homer, XXVIII.
Horace (65-8 A. C.), XVII-XXI.
Lucretius (95-54 A. C.), I-IV.
Meleager (*fl. c.* 90 A. C.), XLIII.
Ovid (43 A. C.-18 A. D.), XXV.
Propertius (47-15 A. C.), XXIII, XXIV.
Ptolemaeus (*fl. c.* 175 A. D.), XLIV.
Simonides (556-468 A. C.), XL, XLI.
Sophocles (496-406 A. C.), XXXIII-XXXV.
Statius (40-96 A. D.), XXVI.
Tibullus (55-19 A. C.), XXII.
Virgil (70-19 A. C.), X-XVI.

TRANSLATIONS

C. S. Calverley (1831-1884), VII, XVIII, XX, XXI, XXXIII.

John Conington (1825-1869), XIX.

G. S. Davies, V.

R. Kennard Davis, VI, IX.

Lord Derby (1799-1869), XXVIII.

Sir Richard Fanshawe (1608-1666), XV.

Francis Fawkes (1721-1777), XXVII.

W. H. Fyfe, XXVI.

Walter Headlam (1866-1908), VIII, XL-XLIV.

J. W. Mackail, IV, X, XII.

John Milton (1608-1674), XVII.

E. D. A. Morshead (1849-1912), XXIX-XXXI.

Gilbert Murray, XXXII, XXXVI-XXXIX.

James Rhoades, XI, XIII, XIV.

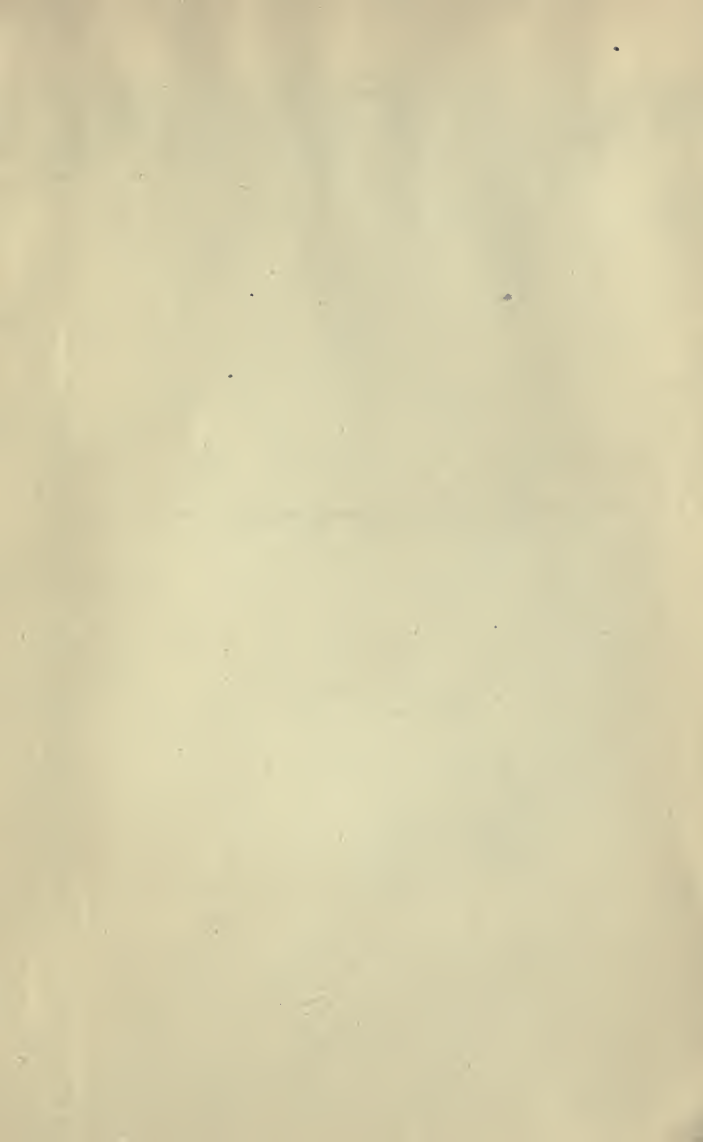
Sir G. K. Rickards (1812-1889), XVI.

Goldwin Smith (1823-1910), I-III, XXV.

J. H. Vince, XXII-XXIV.

R. Whitelaw (1843-1917), XXXIV, XXXV.

Printed from plates by THE DE LA MORE PRESS LTD., London



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
BERKELEY

Return to desk from which borrowed.

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

21Jan'53CR

JAN 1 6 1953 LU

27Feb 54VL

FEB 2 1 1954 LU

16Sep'54RB

AN 3 1 1955 LU

515650

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

